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THE

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LYING ILL.

Love! kiss me, kiss me on the lips,
And kiss me on the cheek;
And I would that I could speak,
My heart, my heart so happy pants;
But I feel lost and weak.

This cup of pain so bitter is,
And I feel dull with woe,
And my tears are falling slow;
But I touch your neck, your rosy neck:
So I am blest, I know.

Oh, Love, we wedded years agone!
A blessed bliss for me.
Love! let me, let me see
Your blest, soft eyes burn into mine:
Dear eyes, how kind they be!

I touch your neck; my tears flow down:
They soothe me while I speak;
Oh, Love, I feel so weak!
But, kiss me, kiss me on the lips,
And kiss me on the cheek. T. A.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.

It was the afternoon of a genial day in March, 1848, when the railway omnibus arrived at South Wennock; South Wennock being but a small country town, situated in the heart of England, and, as the rail only reached to within two miles of it, those passengers who would go on, took advantage of the omnibus.

It brought nothing but a lady and a trunk. The lady was young and beautiful, though she had not the advantage just then of being in perfect health. She was dressed in a dark silk dress and mantle, and her straw bonnet was trimmed with white. The omnibus drew up to its destination, the Red Lion inn, and the landlady, Mrs. Fitch, came out to receive any passengers it might bring, as it is much the custom for landladies in small country towns to do.

The lady alighted, and Mrs. Fitch dropped a curtsey.

"Your servant, miss. Do you please to stay here?"

"For a quarter of an hour, or so, while you give me a glass of wine and a biscuit," was the reply; and the tone, accent, and manner were those of an unmistakable gentlewoman. "I feel quite exhausted, and shall be glad of the refreshment."

"Dear, ma'am! and you are not in an over-fit condition to travel!" uttered the landlady, as she took a closer survey of her guest. "You shall have it in a minute. And perhaps you've come far, now? I beg ten thousand pardons for mistaking you for a young, unmarried lady."

"If you happen to have some cold meat, I think I would prefer a sandwich to the biscuit," was all the reply given by the traveller.

"Can you tell me if there are any comfortable lodgings to be had?" she next inquired, whilst partaking of the refreshment; the landlady standing by, and pressing the sandwiches upon her.

"Lodgings? Well, now—they are not over plentiful here; this is but a small place, you see, ma'am," was the response of Mrs. Fitch, as she stroked her face and deliberated. "There's Widow Gould; she wanted to let a room or two, I know, a little back; perhaps she mayn't have done it yet. I'll send up and ask, if you like; she's a decent lady, and I dare say you'd be comfortable there."

"I would prefer to go myself," was the lady's reply, as she laid down her wine glass, and rose. "I may see something else, if she has none; I suppose the people put bills in their windows. You will take care of my trunk until I return."

"I will sure, ma'am. What name, please?"

"Mrs. Crane."

The landlady stepped outside her house to direct the stranger on her way. Widow Gould's residence was situated towards the end of the town in Palace street—so called from its leading to the palace of the bishop of the diocese, whose country residence was situated near to South Wennock. Six or seven minutes' walk brought Mrs. Crane to the house she sought; one of a neat terrace, with "Apartments to let" in the window. Widow Gould herself came to the door. The lady wanted a sitting-room and a bedroom; could she be accommodated! Mrs. Gould replied that she could, and she mentioned a very moderate charge.

"You may perceive that I am expecting an illness," observed Mrs. Crane. "Will that be any objection?"

"N—o, I don't see that it need, ma'am," returned the widow, after some consideration. "Of course, ma'am, you would have a nurse to attend upon you? I could not undertake to do it myself."

"Certainly I should provide myself with requisite attendance," answered Mrs. Crane.

She looked over the rooms, found they suited, and took them for a month certain, intimating that she contemplated a longer stay, but preferred only taking them from month to month. Mrs. Crane then returned to the Red Lion, paid for her refreshment, ordered her trunk sent to her, and was back in Palace street to tea. Widow Gould, in obedience to her ring, came up to remove the tray when the meal was over.

"Be so good as to take a seat," said Mrs. Crane to her. "I have some information to ask of you. Never mind the tray; it can wait. First of all, what medical men have you in South Wennock?"

"There's the Greys," was the response of the widow; and a pause ensued, Mrs. Crane probably waiting to hear the list augmented.

"The Greys?" she said, finding her informant did not go on.

"Mr. John and Mr. Stephen Grey, ma'am. There was another brother, Mr. Robert, but he died last year. Nice pleasant gentlemen, all three, and they have had the whole of the practice here; their father and their uncle had it afore 'em."

"Do you mean to say there are no other medical men?" exclaimed Mrs. Crane, in an accent of surprise. "I never heard of such a thing. Suppose any family was not satisfied with their treatment, and wished to call in some one else? And South Wennock appears large enough to support more than one doctor."

"It have got a sight larger these last few years; since the rail come near the place there's a deal of building springing up. These houses be all new."

"But about the doctors?" returned Mrs. Crane, keeping her landlady to the point.

"True, ma'am, where was I? Oh, talking of the Greys. They were very much respected in the place; and being three of them they could do all the work. But there's another doctor come to it lately. A Mr. Carlyon."

"Who is he?"

"Well—I forget where he came from; I think, though, it was London. A fine dashing gentleman as ever you saw, not above eight-and-twenty, or thirty, I should say. He came down, all on a sudden, a few months ago, took that large house at the other end of the town, and set up for himself against the Greys. He keeps his cabriolly, and has got some of the Greys' patients from them, and some fresh ones who are just come to live in the neighborhood."

"Keeps his what?"

"His cabriolly, ma'am—a sort of a one horse carriage with a head to it. It's more than the Greys have ever done; they have had their horse and their plain gig, and that's all. It's said that Mr. Carlyon has plenty of private money."

"Is he clever—Mr. Carlyon?"

"There are people here who'll tell you he's cleverer than the two Greys put together; but I don't forget the old saying, ma'am: 'New brooms sweeps clean.' Mr. Carlyon, being new to the place, and having a practice to make, naterally puts his best skill out to make it."

Mrs. Crane laughed.

"But, unless a man has the skill within him, he cannot put it out."

"Well, of course there's something in that," returned Widow Gould. "Do you know much of South Wennock, ma'am?"

"Not anything. I never was here in my life."

"Then it's of no use speaking about them houses on the rise—a lot of new buildings, that you might have seen, coming along in the omnibus, ma'am, if you had looked out. I was going to say that Mr. Carlyon has got most of that fresh practice—the new families that have come here. There's one old gentleman and his daughters he's most uncommon intimate with, a Captain Chesney. There's three Miss Chesneys; one of them beautiful. 'Tother's older; and the little one, she's but a girl. Mr. Carlyon—good heart alive! what's the matter?"

Mrs. Gould might well cry out. The invalid—and an invalid she evidently was—had turned ghastly white, and was sinking back motionless in her chair.

Mrs. Gould was timid by nature, and remarkably nervous by habit. A little woman, with a shrivelled face and small shrivelled hands; the former she was always holding aside, and the latter she was always, when unoccupied, rubbing gently, and perhaps unconsciously, together. She lifted the stranger's head, but it fell back again without life; and, jumping to the conclusion that she must be dead, she flew down the stairs, shrieking, burst out at her own back door, and burst into the back door of the adjoining house. Two servants were in the kitchen; the one ironing at a table, the other sitting by the fire, doing nothing.

"For the love of Heaven come back with me, one of you!" shrieked Mrs. Gould. "I've got a new lady lodger just come in, and she's gone and died right off in her chair."

Without waiting for a reply, she flew away again. The young woman started up from the fire in alarm.

"Don't be frightened, Judy," said the other, calmly pursuing her ironing. "You don't know Dame Gould yet; if a black beetle falls on the floor, she'll cry out for aid. I used to think it was put on, but I b'lieve she can't help it. You may as well go in, however, and see what it is."

Judy—as the ironing woman had called her—ran after Mrs. Gould. The latter was already up stairs in her lodger's sitting-room. She had torn a feather out of the small feather duster that hung by the mantelpiece, had set light to it, blown it out, and was pushing the burnt remains up the unhappy lady's nose.—Judy saw what was going on, and dashed the feather to the ground.

"Don't be so stupid, Mrs. Gould! What good do you suppose that will do? Get some water."

"It had used to be my missis's remedy when I was a girl in service. D'ye think she's dead?"

"Just as much dead as you are. She's in a fainting fit. If you don't fetch the water, I must."

Judy applied the cold water to her face and head: Mrs. Gould looked on timidly, and burst out crying the moment the lady began to revive.

"It's my feelings as overcomes me, Judy; I always was a coward at sight of illness."

"You need not have been alarmed," the lady faintly said, as soon as she could speak. "For the last few months, since my health has been delicate, I have been rather subject to these attacks of faintness; they come on at any moment. I ought to have warned you."

"I was frightened, ma'am, for I thought surely you were dead—you looked just like it."

"I do think you must be a fool," put in Judy, to Mrs. Gould, in an indignant whisper; "who but you would talk of death to a young lady in her condition?"

They left her to herself when she was fully restored, putting, by her desire, writing materials on the table, Mrs. Gould carrying down the tea-things.

"Don't go away and leave me, Judy," said the widow, when they reached her kitchen.—"She may have another fit, for what I can tell; you heard her say she was subjec' to 'em; it 'ud be a charity to stop with me, and you are a lady at large just now, with nothing to do."

"I'll go and fetch my work, and tell Margaret, then," rejoined Judy. "But where's the sense of calling it a fit, as if you were speaking of apoplexy."

When the girl came back—though indeed she was not much of a girl, for she must have been full thirty—Mrs. Gould was washing up the tea things. That done, she produced two tumblers, two teaspoons, a black bottle, some brown sugar, and some hot water.

"Not for me," said Judy, who was then intent on her sewing, "I'd as lieve drink poison."

"Just a drop, Judy, for company's sake.—When my nerves has undergone a shock, they can't get to rights again, without a sup o' gin and water, hot."

"Then you can drink my share and your own," returned Judy. "Who is she, I wonder?"

"Some stranger. Mrs. Fitch sent her down to me. She come there this afternoon by the railway omnibus. I say, isn't she young?"

Judy nodded.

"I wonder if she's married?"

"Married!" angrily retorted Mrs. Gould.—"If the wedding-ring on her finger had been a bear, it would have bit you. Where was your eyes?"

Judy bit her thread.

"All wedding-rings haven't been put on in churches. Not but what I dare say she is married, for she seems a perfect lady; it was only her being so young, and coming here in this strange way, all unprotected, that set me on the other thought. Where is her husband?"

"Gone abroad, she said. I made free to ask her. She has been inquiring about the doctors—"

"That's her bell," cried Judy, as the bell, hanging over Mrs. Gould's head, rang, and interrupted her. "And now you've got to go up smelling of gin!"

"One might smell of a less savory thing," replied Mrs. Gould, "but I'll just rinse my mouth out with cold water."

She did as she said, and then, taking a half-used nutmeg from her pocket, bit a little piece of it, and went up stairs eating it.

A sealed note lay on the table when she entered the sitting-room; the lady laid her hand upon it.

"Mrs. Gould, I must trouble you to send this note for me. I did not intend to see about a medical man until to-morrow, but I feel very tired with my journey—as my fainting fit proved, for it was the fatigue, no doubt, that brought it on, the omnibus shook me a great deal—and I think it will be better that I see one to-night. He may be able to give me some thing to calm me."

"Yes, ma'am. They live not far off, the Greys. But, dear lady, I hope you don't feel as if you were going to be ill?"

Mrs. Crane smiled, for her landlady was tremblingly rubbing her hands together.

"Not ill in your sense of the word, but I do not want to alarm you with another fainting fit. I am in the habit of taking drops, which do me a deal of good; ten drops in a wineglass of water, but I unfortunately left them behind me."

"A beautiful help to the spirits, ma'am, is red lavender."

"Very likely; but I wish to see a medical man."

"Might I make bold to ask, ma'am, when you expect to be ill?" interrupted Mrs. Gould.

"In about two months; not before. Was that your daughter who came up with you just now? She seemed a nice young woman."

The question rather offended Mrs. Gould's vanity. She piqued herself upon looking young, and Judy was two-and-thirty, if she was a day.

"No, indeed, and I have neither chick nor child," was her answer. "She's nothing but Judy Ford, sister to the servant at our next door; and being out of place, her sister's missis said she might come there for a few days while she looked out. I'll get her to carry the note in for me."

Mrs. Gould had taken the note from the table, and was going off with it. The lady called her back.

"You see to whom it is addressed?"

Mrs. Gould stopped and brought the note close to her eyes; it was as much as she could do to see without her spectacles.

"Why—ma'am! it's *to—to—Mr. Carlyon!*"

"Well," said the lady, whose composure formed a contrast to the woman's astonishment, "and why should it not be?"

"But the Greys are sure and safe, ma'am: such a thing has never been known as for them to lose a lady."

Mrs. Crane paused, possibly in hesitation.

"Has Mr. Carlyon?"

"Well—no; I can't say that he has. If he had, I should have heard of it."

"By what you said this evening, I rather took a fancy to Mr. Carlyon; I think men of skill, struggling into practice, should be encouraged. If you have anything really serious to advance against him, that is different, and you should speak out."

"No, ma'am, no; and I'm sure it has been rude of me to object to him, if your opinion lies that way. I don't know a thing against Mr. Carlyon; folks call him clever; I'm naterally prejudiced in favor of the Greys, for Mr. John has attended me ever since he grew up, and his father did afore him. I'll send it down to Mr. Carlyon's."

"Let it go at once, if you please. I should like, if possible, to see him to-night."

Mrs. Gould descended to the kitchen. On the dresser, staring her full in the face as she entered, lay her spectacles. She put them on, and looked at the note. Judy spoke to her, but elicited no reply; she spoke again, but still obtained no answer; Mrs. Gould and her eyes were intent on the note.

"What's the matter? what is it you are staring at?" questioned Judy.

"Well now, that's a curious thing, if ever there was one. Can you read writing, Judy?" added Mrs. Gould, pushing the note towards her, its address uppermost.

Judy cast her eyes on the letter, and gave practical proof. "'Lewis Carlyon, Esq.,'" read she.

"How did she know his name was Lewis? *I* never mentioned it—and I couldn't mention it—for I never knew it. Is his name Lewis?"

"For all I know. Yes, of course it is; it's on his door; 'Mr. Lewis Carlyon, Surgeon.' Somebody else may have told her, if you haven't; Mrs. Fitch did, perhaps."

"There! that's it!" uttered the widow, struck with sudden conviction. "Mrs. Fitch has been speaking up for him, and that's what has put her on to Carlyon, and off the Greys. There was a traveller ill at the Red Lion in the winter, and he had Carlyon. It's a shame of Mrs. Fitch, to turn round on old friends. Yes, that's it, for certain; she couldn't else have known his other name. Is it his Christian name, or what? it isn't much like one."

"Does she feel ill, that she's sending for the doctor?"

"No; but the journey has shook her. It is a nasty bit of road that that omnibus has to jolt over, and, on it rattles, without regard to folks's bones. Judy, I must get you to take this for me."

"I daresay!"

"Come do, there's a good woman! I'll go on working for you, the while. I can't go myself, you know, for fear her bell should ring."

Judy, not unaccommodating, and not objecting, perhaps, to a walk, rose from her seat.

"I shall have to disturb Mrs. Jenkinson at the next door, to let me in," quoth she, with some vexation in her tone. "Margaret's gone out—and she's sure to have bolted the kitchen door. If it weren't a coldish night, I'd run without my bonnet, rather than trouble the old lady to let me in to get it."

"Put on mine," suggested Mrs. Gould. You're welcome to it, and to my shawl too."

Judy laughed; and she laughed still more when arrayed in Mrs. Gould's things. The shawl did very well, but the bonnet was large, one of those called a "poke," and she looked like an old woman in it.

"Nobody will fall in love with me to-night, that's certain," cried Judy, merrily, as she took the note, and sped off to Mr. Carlyon's

Mr. Carlyon's house was situated at the other extremity of the town, a quarter of an hour's walk, maybe, from Mrs. Gould's end of it, or twenty minutes, perhaps, for those who did not walk fast. It stood by itself, a handsome white house, with iron rails before it and on the sides, and a garden behind. It had long been known as the "White House." At the principal entrance was a fine portico, supported by stone pillars, but there was also a small gate in the side railings, leading direct to the surgery, and on the other side, a gate which led to the servant's entrance. Judy, all unconscious of the regulations, proceeded to the front entrance, and knocked.

The door was thrown open by a young man in the striped jacket of a footman's undress.

"Can I see Mr. Carlyon?"

Judy's poke bonnet did not tell in her favor, and the footman superciliously threw back his head.

"Is it on perfessional business?" questioned he.

"Yes it is," said Judy.

"Then, perhaps, mem, you'll have the obleegance to walk round to the perfessional entrance; and that's along there, on the right-hand side."

He waved his hand condescendingly towards the spot indicated, and Judy turned to leave, not without a retort to the gentleman.

"I should think one door's as good as another, for what I want of Mr. Carlyon. How much wages do you earn, pray?"

"If ever I heard such a question?" minced the fellow. "What's it to you?"

"*Because I should judge* that there's so much given you for wages, and so much paid you for airs."

Passing out at the front railings, and in at the gate at the side, she came to the small, oak door, with Surgery written on it, and found herself in a square room, not large, whose walls seemed to be lined with bottles. A boy in buttons was lying at full length on the counter underneath the window, where the medicines were compounded, whistling in a shrill note, and kicking his heels in the air. The entrance of Judy startled him, and he tumbled off, feet foremost.

It was twilight, and not at first sight did he gather in Judy's appearance, but soon the objectionable bonnet, nearly hiding her face, grew out to view.

"Hallos!" cried he, "who are you? What do you want?"

"I want Mr. Carlyon."

"Then want must be your master, for you can't have him.

"*Is he at home?*"

"No, he ain't."

"Then you must go out and find him. Here's a note that must be given to him at once."

The boy laid hold of the note, and drew it from between her fingers.

"Is it of consequence, missis?"

"That's no concern of yours," returned Judy. "You go and take it to Mr. Carlyon."

"Well," said the boy, as if deliberating with himself, "perhaps we might tie it on to the telegraph wires, and send it along, that fashion. There's no other way of getting it to him."

Judy felt inclined to box his ears.

"Is your master away from South Wennock?"

"He went off this morning, to Lunnon, or somewhere; and won't be home till—till—"

"Till when?" put in Judy, impatiently

"Till his legs bring him," concluded the boy, turning a summerset.

Judy seized him and shook him.

"Now you behave as you ought, or as sure as you're there, I'll tell your master when he comes home, and he wouldn't keep you in his service another hour. When is he coming?"

"The day after to-morrow. There. But 'twon't be till late at night."

"Now what had I better do?" thought Judy to herself. "I suppose I'd better leave the note: I can't do wrong in that. Here, take it," said she, aloud, to the boy, "and mind you give it him the minute he gets home. It's from a fresh patient, a lady, and she's ill."

As she went back through the streets, the landlady of the Red Lion was standing at her door.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Fitch," said Judy.

"Why, who—, why, Judy, it's never you! What on earth have you disguised yourself like that for?"

"I've got on Dame Gould's things," laughed Judy. "She wanted me to go down to the new doctor's, and lent me her bonnet and shawl. I didn't care to go in for mine, and disturb old Mrs. Jenkinson: Margaret was out."

"What have you been to the doctor's for?" questioned Mrs. Fitch, who had all the curiosity of an inn's landlady.

"The lodger you sent to Dame Gould feels poorly, and wanted the doctor. She had a fainting fit just before I came out."

"And Dame Gould sent for Mr. Carlyon!" breathlessly uttered the landlady. "What have the Greys done to her?"

"You recommended Mr. Carlyon," returned Judy.

"I!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitch; "well, that's good!"

"Dame Gould spoke up for the Greys, but the lady wrote for Mr. Carlyon," continued Judy. "And when Dame Gould read his Christian name outside the letter, she said you must have told it to her, and spoken for him, for she didn't."

"There never passed a word between me and the lady about any doctor at all," cried Mrs. Fitch. "If I had spoke for any one it would have been for the Greys. Not but what Mr. Carlyon is a pleasant gentleman, skillful too, I think, but the Greys are our own fellow townspeople, old friends of us all."

"Well, she got hold of the name somehow, for there it was on the note, as large as life. But I can't stand chattering here; I must go back with the news that Mr. Carlyon's away."

"I could have told you that, and saved you the trouble of a walk there, if I had seen you going," said Mrs. Fitch. "His groom drove him over to the station this morning, and when he came back stopped here for a glass of ale, and said his master was gone away for a day or two."

"A nice groom he is too, if it's the one that wears a striped jacket and plays at footman!" contemptuously ejaculated Judy. "And that boy in the *surgery*, who carries out the physic, he's another civil article. Good-evening, ma'am."

"Good-evening, Judy. Tell Dame Gould to make the poor young lady comfortable in her trouble. And if there should be currant jelly, or any little thing of that sort wanted, she can come to me."

Judy sped along. Arrived at her destination, she gave a gentle tap on the door with her knuckles, but as it elicited no answer, she rang the bell, upon which Mrs. Gould was heard floundering down the stairs in hot haste. She jerked open the door; her face red, her whole frame shaking; Judy thought she had rarely seen one under the influence of so much terror.

"It's all over!" she uttered, seizing hold of Judy by the arms; "she's took bad! she is."

"What's all over!" asked Judy, in alarm herself.

"Don't I tell you? She's took bad; it's as true as we are here. Oh, good heart alive, what's to be done?"

"You are going off your mind," exclaimed Judy. "What do you put yourself out like this for? If she's taken ill she must be attended to."

"But there's nothing ready, there's no nurse, and no doctor, and no anything! Where's Mr. Carlyon?"

"He's in London," said Judy, "and won't be home for a day or two."

This was the climax. Dame Gould sank into a chair, and gasped. Judy, sensible and collected, went up stairs, first of all removing her bonnet and shawl.

Mrs. Crane was kneeling before a chair and grasping it, apparently as if, in that position, she could still her pain. The combs were out of her hair, which now fell in waving curls on her neck, and she was moaning slightly at intervals. Judy stood looking down at her, at her fair girlish face; and presently that face, in its agony, was turned up to Judy's, the eyes beseeching compassion. Never, Judy thought, had she seen eyes so beautiful—they were large, tender, brown eyes, soft and mournful, and they and their peculiarly beautiful expression became fixed, in that hour, in Judy's memory. The woman knelt down to place herself on a level with the sufferer, and put her strong arms gently round her.

"Don't be cast down, poor child," she murmured, forgetting ceremony in her compassion, "it will be all right."

Mrs. Crane pushed back her hair, and laid her head on Judy's shoulder. "Will Mr. Carlyon be long? Why does not some one go and hurry him?"

"He can't come, ma'am. He went to London this morning."

A sharp cry of disappointment, and then the poor head fell on to the chair again, and the face was hidden. Judy strove to impart comfort.

"They are all strangers to you, ma'am, so what can it matter? and I know you can't fail to like the Mr. Greys, quite as much as you could like Mr. Carlyon."

A long pause: when the lady lifted up her face again, it was wet with tears.

"Nay, now, do take heart," cried Judy, grieved to see the signs. "Dame Gould has been telling you the Greys are old, perhaps; but she's stupid: Mr. Stephen's not so over much older than Mr. Carlyon. Why should you have set your wish on Mr. Carlyon?"

"I cannot afford to pay both," was the low answer.

"Both! well, no, and of course you won't," responded Judy, warmly. "Pay two doctors, and only have one! that would be extortion, ma'am."

"But you took my note to Mr. Carlyon. And I—engaged him in it," she added, in a tone of hesitation.

"But if he's away, and can't come, he can't charge," argued Judy. "And when one doctor attends for another, there's only one to pay. You might have Mr. Grey called in temporary, and change to Mr. Carlyon when he's back, as you have taken a fancy for him."

"I was recommended to Mr. Carlyon before I came here," she wailed, in a paroxysm of pain. "Some friends of mine know him well."

"What on earth's to be done!" whispered a quaking voice at Judy's elbow.

It was Widow Gould's, of course. Judy scarcely condescended to answer: strong in sense herself, she had no sympathy with that sort of weakness.

"The first thing is for you to leave off being an idiot, and the second is for you to go and fetch one of the Greys."

Once more the sufferer lifted her head, before her landlady could assent or dissent.

"I will not have the Mr. Greys," she peremptorily said.

"Then, ma'am, to say that, you must have been prejudiced against them," uttered Judy.

She slightly nodded her head.

"True. I have been told they are not clever. Don't disturb me: I feel as if I could sleep."

She slid further on to the floor as she spoke, till she lay at full length on the carpet. Judy would have raised her on to the sofa, but she declined to move; she was easy there, she said, and wished them to leave her by herself. And they did so, first of all putting the cushion under her head.

A half dispute ensued below: Judy railing at the widow for her folly, her cowardice, and her uselessness, and the widow retorting. In the midst of it, a cry was heard from the upstairs room, and Judy flew there. She speedily flew down again.

"One of the Greys must be fetched, whether or not," cried she. "She's a deal worse, and it's coming on quick."

"Taint me, then, as is going to undergo the responsibility of calling in a doctor which she says she won't have," returned Mrs. Gould; "I might have to pay him out of my own pocket."

"When a fellow creature's life's at stake, it's not the time to think of pockets," retorted Judy. "You go up to her; perhaps you can do that."

Judy, in her cap and gown, just as she was, went out at the door, and hastened to the residence of the Messrs. Grey. The two brothers lived in houses contiguous to each other. Mr. John, who was always called Mr. Grey, in the larger one, which also contained the surgery and laboratory, and Mr. Stephen in the smaller one adjoining. Mr. Stephen, though the younger, had married when he was twenty-one, and he wanted now a year or two of forty; Mr. John had more recently married, and had a troop of young children.

The hall-door of Mr. John's house stood open, and Judy went in, guided by the bright lamp in the fanlight. Too hurried to stand on ceremony, she crossed the hall, and pushed open the surgery door. A handsome, gentlemanly lad of sixteen stood there, pounding drugs with a pestle and mortar: not perhaps that his face was so handsome in itself, but the exceeding intelligence pervading it, the broad intellectual forehead, and the sweet expression of the large, earnest blue eyes, would have made the beauty of any countenance. He turned his head quickly at being interrupted.

"What, it's you, Judith! You came rushing in like a ghost."

"Are the gentlemen at home, Master Frederick?"

"One of them is. Do you want anything?"

"I want to see him, please: and as quick as possible."

The lad vaulted off like a shot. Was out of his uncle's house and in at his own, in no time; for he was the son of Mr. Stephen *Grey*. Mr. Stephen *Grey* was alone, reading: his countenance was intelligent, but he was less good looking than his son; a merry hearted man, who kept up the spirits of his patients with merry sayings; a valuable secret, let me tell you, in medical practice.

"Papa, here's Judith Ford wants you."

"Judith Ford," cried he, jumping up, for it was one of Stephen Grey's rules never to keep a patient waiting, when it could be avoided, or yet a patient's messenger. "And what does Judith want?" he jokingly asked, as he entered the surgery, followed by his son. "A tooth drawn, Judith?"

"I'll tell my errand to yourself, sir, if you please."

Without waiting to be sent by his father, Frederick Grey retired from the surgery, and closed the door. Judith gave an outline of the case she had come upon to Mr. Stephen Grey.

He looked grave; grave for him.

"Judith, girl, we would prefer not to interfere with Mr. Carlyon's patients. It would look, see you, as though we begrudged him the few he had got together, and would wrest them from him. We wish nothing of the sort, the place is large enough for him and for us."

"And what's the poor young lady to do, sir? To die?"

"*To die!*" echoed Mr. Stephen, "goodness forbid!"

"But it may turn out that she will die, sir, unless you come to her aid. Mr. Carlyon can be of no use to her; he's in London."

Of course, being in London, the best part of a hundred miles off, Mr. Carlyon could be of no use to any one in South Wennock, and Mr. Stephen Grey felt the force of the assertion.

"True, true," said he, nodding his head, "I'll go back with you, Judith. Very young, you say. Where's her husband?"

"Gone travelling abroad," responded Judith, somewhat improving upon the information given her by Mrs. Gould. "Is there no nurse that could be had, sir?" she continued; "Dame Gould's worse than a child in illness."

"I daresay we may find somebody," responded Mr. Stephen. "Time enough for that. Frederick," he added to his son, as he crossed the hall, "if your uncle comes in before I am back, tell him I am at Widow Gould's. A lady come to lodge there, is taken ill. Now you can wait for me, or walk on, Judith," he said as they passed his door, "but I must go in home, first."

Judith preferred to walk on. When she reached Mrs. Crane's room, she found, to her surprise, that lady seated at the table, writing.

"You are better, ma'am?"

"No, I am worse. This has come upon me unexpectedly, and I must write to apprise a friend."

The perspiration was running off her as she spoke, Judith supposed from pain; she appeared to have written but two lines, and was thrusting the note, folded, into an envelope. Mrs. Gould stood by, helplessly rubbing her hands, her head shaking with a tremulous motion, as if she had St. Vitus's dance.

"Will you take it to the post for me?"

"Yes, sure I will, ma'am," replied Judith, to whom the sick lady had looked when speaking. "But it won't go till to-morrow now; post time is over, I fear."

"It can't be helped; put it in. And you had better call and ask one of the medical gentlemen you spoke of to come and see me. I am too ill to write to him."

"I have been, ma'am," said Judith, with a glow of triumph. "He's following me down. And that's his ring," added she, as the bell was heard. "It's Mr. Stephen Grey, ma'am, Mr. Grey wasn't at home. Of the two brothers, Mr. Stephen is the pleasantest; but they are both nice gentlemen. You can't fail to like Mr. Stephen."

Judith took the letter in her hand; she saw it was addressed to London to "Mrs. Smith." On the stairs she encountered Mr. Stephen Grey, who had only lingered to put an article or two in his pocket that might be required for aught he knew.

"I suppose I am too late for the post, sir, to-night? It's a letter from the lady," observed Judith.

Mr. Stephen Grey took out his watch.

"Not if you make a run for it, Judith. It wants four minutes to the time of closing."

Judith flew off. She was slight and active, and running was easy to her; and she saved the post by half a minute. Mr. Stephen Grey, meanwhile, putting the Widow Gould aside with a merry nod, entered the room alone. Mrs. Crane was standing with one hand on the table, and the other pressed on her side, her anxious, beautiful eyes strained on the door. As they fell upon him, an expression of relief passed over her face. Mr. Stephen went up to her, wondering at her youth. He took one of her hands in his, in a fatherly manner, and looked down at her with his pleasant smile.

"And now what is the matter?" he asked.

She kept his hand; it seemed that there was protection in it, and the tears came into her eyes as she raised them to his.

"I am in great pain: such pain! Do you think," she continued in a whisper, "that I shall die?"

"Die!" echoed Mr. Stephen, in a reassuring tone, "not you. You may talk about dying in fifty years to come, perhaps, but not now. Come, sit down, and let us have a little quiet chat together."

"You seem very kind, and I thank you," she said, "but before going further, I ought to tell you that I am Mr. Carlyon's patient; I had engaged him; and it unfortunately happens that he is away, I hear."

"Well, we will do the best for you until his return, and then leave you in his hands. Are you quite alone?"

"It happens that I unfortunately am. I have just sent a note to the post, to summon a friend. I did not expect to be ill for this two months," she added in a whisper.

"Well, and very likely you will not be," cheerily spoke Mr. Stephen. "When you shall have got half a dozen children about you, young lady, you will know what importance to attach to false alarms. Your husband is abroad, I hear."

She inclined her head in the affirmative.

"It must have been that jolting omnibus that hurt me; I thought it would have shaken me to pieces."

"Ay; they have been putting down stones on the road, and—"

He was interrupted. She rose from her seat, terror depicted on her countenance.

"Oh, Mr. Grey, hold me! hold me! I am very ill."

Shaking Dame Gould was completely upset by the emergency.

"Judith," Mr. Stephen said to the latter, when she came back, "you must help me in the best way you can; we shall want different things got together, and you must do it. Mrs. Gould's useless."

"I'll do anything and everything I can, sir," replied Judith, "but I'd *make* her useful; I have no patience with her."

"I'll make her useful in one way, if I don't in another. Where is she now?"

"Sitting on the stairs outside the door, sir, with her hands to her ears."

Mr. Stephen went to her.

"You know Grote's Buildings?" said he.

"In course I do, sir," whimpered Mrs. Gould. "Oh, sir, I'm shook!"

"Well, you go there, to number three. Ask for Mrs. Hutton, and desire her to come here without delay. Tell her the nature of the case."

Mrs. Gould lost no time in going, glad to be out of the house. She returned with a short stout barrel of a woman, with leering black eyes, grizzled hair, and a black beard upon her face. She came simpering into the room, carrying a bundle, and dropping curtseys to Mr. Stephen.

He quite started when he saw her, and his face assumed a severe expression. He beckoned her from it again.

"Who sent for you, Mrs. Pepperfly?"

"Well, sir, please, sir, I came," was the response, the curtseys dropping all the while. "You sent for Hutton, sir, but she were called out this a'ternoon, and I was a stopping at number three, sir, and thought I might come in her place."

"Called out this afternoon?" replied Mr. Stephen.

"This very blessed a'ternoon, sir, just as four o'clock was a striking by St. Mark's church. Mrs. Gilbert on the rise was took with her fever again, sir, and she won't have nobody but Hutton to nurse her."

Mr. Stephen Grey ran over the sisterhood in his mind, but could remember not one available just then.

"Hark ye, Mother Pepperfly," he said, in a stern tone, "you know your failing; now if you dare to give way to it this time, as you have done before, you shall never again nurse a patient of mine or my brother's. You can do your duty, if you choose to keep in a fit state to do it; mind you do."

Mrs. Pepperfly squeezed out a tear. She'd be upon her Bible oath, if Mr. Stephen chose to put her, not to touch nothing no stronger nor table beer. Mr. Stephen, however, did not put her to the ordeal; he knew better.

There was sufficient bustle in the house that night; but, by the morning, quiet and peace had supervened, and Mrs. Pepperfly, on her best behavior, was carrying about, wrapped in flannel, a wee, wee infant.

Judy had scarcely left the side of Mrs. Crane the whole night, and the latter seemed to be drawn to the girl by some attraction, and to find comfort in her genuine sympathy.

"You have been a good girl, Judith," Mr. Stephen said to her, as he was leaving in the morning, and Judy went down stairs to open the door for him.

"Will she do well, sir?" whispered Judith, in a tremor at what the answer might be.

"Famously," returned Mr. Stephen. "Never had a safer case in my life than it has been. Give a look to Mother Pepperfly, Judith; I trust her as far as I can see her. I shall be in again in a couple of hours."

"Safe! that's a mercy for her, poor young lady!" murmured Judith. "Thank heaven!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of THE POST,	5,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$8,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
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Twenty (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen*, or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber.

"THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE NEW YEAR.

The king is dead—long live the king! We wish everybody a Happy New Year—not even excepting the individuals who deserve nothing of the kind, and whose New Year cannot in the nature of things be a Happy one. But we wish it to them all the same.

The New Year is the fourth figure in the fairy quadrille which the popular imagination of the western world has created to represent the festival days and festivities of this time. We, the people, are all poets at heart. To say a thing barely and baldly is never in accordance with the popular genius. Dry facts are as distasteful to the masses as sheer fancy. The one without the other they cannot abide. Hence, ideas and circumstances they clothe in tropes and metaphors. No phrase becomes popular that has not in it poetic or picturesque elements. The popular language runs to slang, which, Charles Reade rightly says, is the poetry of language. It is this popular love of imagery and parable that maintains the theatre—held it first in the teeth of governmental prohibition, and afterwards in despite of preachers and moralists. The same popular love of parable and imagery as the vehicles of facts and ideas, installs Shakspeare and Bunyan as poets of the people, and breeds the innumerable race of novelists and bards. And it is this, too, not to dwell too long upon the subject, and make the entry larger than the house, that makes figures to represent the fete days and the festal events of the descending and the ascending years, whereof the myth of the New Year is the fourth.

The first is CHRISTMAS. We fancy him as an old man—old in years, but virile and sturdy—a giant, too, with a broad jovial face, all flushed with laughter, and with white teeth that laugh from a white beard. On his gray head, he wears the chaplet of holly—the dark green glossy leaves twinkling, and the red berries dancing to the twinkling and the dancing of his eyes. Before him smokes a huge brown plum-pudding, crowned with a sprig of holly. He is the genius of good feeling and good cheer.

The second of our annual fairies is a dwarf that comes in with Christmas—a jolly little Knickerbocker Dutchman that drives his tiny sleigh and merry reindeer in the track of the great English giant. This is SANTA CLAUS. Kriss Kringle is another name for him, and he is sometimes called Saint Nicholas. He is the genius of gifts. He comes down the chimneys, with soot on his fur garments, and on his rosy little round face, and he fills the children's stockings with gifts from the pack of toys and books and presents of all kinds that he carries on his back. Clement C. Moore saw him once, and has recorded the spectacle in verse that will be read by Saxon children for a thousand years to come.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," &c.

We all know it well, and we know its subject too. A modern Dutch fairy that has survived the attacks of science, and defies Mr. Gradgrind! May he live a thousand years, and his shadow never be less!

The third figure in our masque, is the OLD YEAR. We have all seen him. We have all sat by the dying embers with solemn hearts, and tears very near our eyes, while the Old Year died. An old, old man! How feebly he totters along through the darkness and the fast-falling snow. Dying—but we cannot save him. We can only sit by the fading fire, and think how good he was to us—how kind a friend he was to us, how much he did for us, and gave us, after all! And now the midnight bell tolls through the darkness, while we hold our breaths and listen. Twelve at last. The Old Year is dead and gone!

But as the last tremulous reverberation of the bell dies murmuring away, and the blood flows back again to our hearts—there is a shout of lusty laughter, a shower of costly gifts, and the NEW YEAR, a naked child, new-born, leaps sturdily upon the globe amidst shouts of welcome and the silver clamor of bells. There is new light in the world—new hope and new joy. The sun that shone yesterday is not the same, but brighter. The men and women we met yesterday are not the same, but happier. How glad we are to see everybody! How full of spirits ourselves! How delicious the fresh breath of the winter air! How cheery the bustle of the streets, the sound of friendly voices giving New Year's greetings, the sight of people shaking hands and wishing each other happiness. It is the New Year—the Happy New Year.

The Happy New Year has a prose side to it for the ladies that have to receive in their parlors the wild incursions of gentlemen who are so exhilerated with previous calls as to totter, of course with emotion, and sometimes fall upon the carpet. It has also a prose side for the gentlemen who take it as an opportunity for getting extraordinarily drunk, and are put in the station-house accordingly. It has a further prose side for the hosts of people that have large bills to pay—which is a very prose side indeed if they are short of money to pay them with.

Alas! it has a darker prose than these. For the poor who are getting no richer, for the sick who are getting no better, for the foolish who are getting no wiser, for the wicked who are growing worse from year to year! But it has also a side which belongs to the dark side as the day does to the night. It *is* a New Year, and therein is it happier than the last. One more step forward—one more stride in the world's advancement—one more remove from the old dark ages of wo and wrong to which our own, however grievous, are as child's play—one more degree nearer the Golden Year when each man's good shall be all men's rule, and there shall be no more sorrow nor sighing, and the tears shall be wiped away from every eye. In the hope of such a Year, and in the faith of such a Year, and with the resolute purpose to do all that in us lies to bring about such a Year, may this New Year be Happy to us all.

PAGE'S VENUS

The painting of Venus by Mr. Page, an American artist of considerable celebrity, is now on exhibition in this city.

It is, as a whole, a beautiful and fascinating painting. The Venus, perfectly nude, *stands on her sea-shell, drawn by her doves*, and urged on by two cupids, gazing intently towards the distant shore to which she is guiding the galleys of the Trojans. The Venus of Mr. Page is a creature all light and radiance. Her form is lithe and fair, and her floating, wavy locks of that golden sunny hue which the great painters have always so much delighted in. We have seen many as beautiful faces in this land and city of beautiful women—many as finely moulded hands and arms; but art has one advantage over nature, that it is able to combine all the beauties of form and expression in one perfect whole, while nature so seldom gives us a woman more than three-fourths perfect.

A lover of the beautiful could sit for hours before this painting of Venus, and lose himself in waking "dreams of fair women"—pure, chaste and seraphic.

And yet if we were asked, as a faithful critic, if we were *entirely* pleased with Mr. Page's production, we should be compelled to answer in the negative. Not only are there small blemishes in his work, but what seem to us great ones,—blemishes which largely detract from its power of enchantment. It seems to us that the pose of the figure is a great error in the very conception. The posture in which Venus is represented is a constrained one; not one that would be naturally preserved for more than a few moments. Therefore, as the gazer enters into sympathy with the painting, and as the minutes roll on, he finds himself affected unpleasantly by the constraint of the attitude. The involuntary sympathy of the muscles protests that the goddess should straighten herself, or take some other position. We see nothing gained by the peculiarity of her attitude, which is not tenfold lost in the manner we have mentioned. A more easy and natural position—one which could be preserved for a considerable period without the muscles demanding a change—would have been equally effective for grace, and borne the test of the sensitive and sympathetic nerves. It was a criticism sanctioned by that profound observer, Goethe, that the first demand in all painting and sculpture, was that things should stand upon their feet. Any incorrectness of drawing, even in such common articles as chairs and tables, which violates the laws of gravity, takes away from that firmness and solidity upon which the most etherial beauty needs to be based. Would that Mr. Page's Venus were standing on her feet!

Another blemish, one connected with this primary error, is the manner in which one leg is thrown around the other. We take it for granted that the posture is, in one sense, correct—but, in a painting designed to convey the idea of grace and beauty, that is a fault which suggests the possibility of its being a fault. If any position raises the question in the general mind of its naturalness, that of itself condemns it. The artist is wrong artistically, however right he may be physiologically.

One further great defect, as it appears to us, is the dark hair of one of the cupids. The general tone of the picture is light, radiant, golden—and this dark-haired cupid is to us, a blot upon the harmony of the painting.

We may conclude the fault-finding portion of this article, by doubting the good taste of its exhibitors. It is shown even in broad daylight, by gas-light—a flood of yellow light from hidden gas jets being thrown down upon the painting. This may add to the effect, in one sense, and yet it is scarcely in the spirit of pure and noble art. It looks as if the artist, or his agent, was afraid of that broad "light of the public square," which an old master once told his student must ultimately test the merit of his statue. A scene in the theatre properly demands the gas-lights—but we never knew that a painting of the class to which Mr. Page's Venus belongs, needed such meretricious splendors.

We have said that this is a nude Venus—let us add that it is a perfectly chaste and pure one. We may say that the expression of the figure is even more that of the unconscious innocence of girlhood, than of the conscious chastity of womanhood. As to the moral effect of the exhibition of nude figures, however chaste and pure, to promiscuous beholders, much is to be said on both sides. Doubtless "to the pure all things are pure," but then all are not pure. Custom and habit have a great deal more to do with it than most reasoners are aware of. A South Sea Island woman goes entirely, or almost naked, and feels no shame—thinks nothing about it, for that matter; because it is what she has always been accustomed to. So in Cuba, the negroes wait upon the tables of their masters, almost or quite naked, and the most sensitive lady sees no impropriety in it. "What a fine limbed fellow this is," said a Cuban gentleman to a lady of our acquaintance, then staying at a hotel in Havana, picking up a little negro several years old, who was running about the room entirely innocent of clothes, and commending the child to the inspection of herself and her lady companion. The Cuban never dreamed that he was committing what, according to Northern ideas, was a breach of delicacy. Pauline, the sister of Napoleon, and one of the most beautiful women of her time, when she exposed all her charms to the sculptor, that they might be preserved in imperishable marble, answered an English lady who hinted afterwards at the exposure:—"Oh, the room was well warmed"—the idea of impropriety seeming not even to suggest itself. We can imagine how this might be done by a pure minded woman, bred up to certain usages of society, without the least sacrifice of her delicacy; and yet few of us would encourage such practices on the part of our own wives and sisters and daughters, even though a great deal of beauty might be lost by our fastidiousness to the world. We do not therefore pretend to decide this question, one way or the other—though for that matter, it seems to be rapidly deciding itself. Numbers of our most fashionable ladies have already been to gaze upon the enchanting beauty of Page's Venus, and many more are everyday going. And yet, as there are probably ten times as many who will never go under the present arrangement, we would suggest to the exhibitor that he should appoint certain days in every week, when none but ladies should be admitted. And though this proposal may open both ourselves and a portion of the ladies of Philadelphia to the charge of being over-fastidious, we confess we are quite willing to assume, justly or unjustly, our share of the burden; while we think Mr. Page would find his reward in a very great increase of the profits of the exhibition.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

We have a host of letters on hand, speaking in the highest terms of our engravings, as well as of the paper itself. We may be allowed to quote from a few of them:—

O. B. M., of Paradise, Lancaster Co., Penna., says:—

The two engravings of the "Falls of Niagara" have come duly to hand, and were I to say simply that I am *highly pleased*, it would be but a faint expression of my feelings, for I can scarcely imagine how you can possibly afford such liberal premiums.

An editorial contemporary writes as follows:

Please accept my thanks for *the beautiful picture*, "The Speaking Likeness," you did me the honor to send to my address.

E. W. R., of Centre Valley, Penna., says:—

The engravings which you sent me are safely at hand, and in point of elegance by far surpass my expectations. They are all truly beautiful specimens of art and reflect the highest credit upon the publishers. While beholding the pictures of Niagara methinks I hear the distant thunder of the mighty cataract in its awful reality. The "Speaking Likeness" "speaks" for itself, and needs but to be seen to be approved. I would advise every subscriber to the Post (who has not yet received it) to comply with the terms at once, and secure this beautiful prize.

J. N. L., Principal of North Branch Academy, Somerset County, N. J., says:—

The engraving is received. I think it very grand.

Mr. L. further gives it as his opinion that certain flashy papers "have past the meridian of their success in that section—as they don't come up to the standard of what a *family* paper should be." Other letters from other sections express the same view. For instance, a letter from McConnellsville, Ohio, ordering a club of 22, says:—

I think there is no doubt but we can get you a much larger club next year. The people have tried, and are rather tired of the blood and thunder trash that they have been fed on for the last year by some prominent papers of the east; and have concluded once more to patronise a paper that is dignified and intelligent.

And Mr. J. W. S., who has doubled the number of our subscribers at his post-office, says:—

I am sure that any man of sense, after taking THE POST one year, would not do without it for three times its price. I have taken it for the past nine years, and would miss it as much as any member of my family.

And G. G. W., of Cashmere, C. W., says:—

I have taken your paper for the last 7 or 8 years, and I believe it has been rising in character for the whole period; and for the purity of language and beauty of the thoughts, it surpasses any literary or miscellaneous paper printed in the United States.

But we must bring our quotations to a close—thanking earnestly the many friends of THE POST, in all parts of the Union—and of the world, for that matter—for their kind appreciation, and their efforts in its behalf.

COMPLIMENTARY.—We have had several letters lately—from ladies, in some cases—more than hinting that they would like to have a "speaking likeness" of the editors of THE POST. One "young lady" adds, "particularly if young and good-looking." Of course there can be no doubt as to the "good looks" of the editors of the Post, it being a very singular fact that every one connected with the paper, down to the very "devil," is remarkably handsome (in his own opinion;) still there are reasons for not making one's face too common, which every one will appreciate. For instance, the "young lady" we have referred to, evidently only needs a portrait to fall desperately in love with one of us, a result which could not fail to be highly lamentable, considering that we are already appropriated, and the "universal reign of the saints of Deseret" still considerably in the distance.

PIKE'S PEAK.—In answer to A. S., we may say that we know very little of "Pike's Peak and its prospects." As it is a Peak, the "prospect," so far as a good view is concerned, is probably extensive—very. But as to the *prospecting* for the precious metals, we judge that is about the same as it is in most other places, a good deal of work and hardship for only moderate wages. There is a class of men, however, who dislike the small but certain returns of common modes of labor, and would rather work twice as hard for the same amount at seeking hidden treasure. If our correspondent belongs to this class, he might as well gratify his ruling passion at Pike's Peak as anywhere else. He must not wonder, however, should he find his face at Pike's Peak growing as peaked as a pike's.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR FROST.—Mr. John Frost of this city, well-known for his historical and other writings and compilations, died on Wednesday of last week, in the 60th year of his age. Mr. Frost was a native of Kennebunk, Maine. He graduated from Harvard University in 1822. In 1828, he came to this city and opened a school for young ladies, which he conducted for ten years, giving it up to accept the Professorship of Belles Lettres in the Central High School, which he resigned after seven years of service. He was a gentleman of genial and cheerful manners.

A NEW THEORY.—In the local columns of the *Ledger* of this city, one day last week, appeared the following scientific statement:—

The damage to hydrants in bath houses at this season is very great, owing to the occupants or owners of the houses neglecting to have the water turned off before the cold weather sets in. As soon as a thaw commences, *the ice melts and expands*, and the pipe, not being able to stand the pressure, bursts, which renders the services of a plumber indispensably necessary.

When we went to school, we were taught that the water "*expanded*" in the *freezing*, and thus burst the pipes—but we live to learn.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

One of the most beautiful books we have ever seen is an edition of THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston. Mr. Burnham's Antiquarian Book Store, let the zoologically-minded hereby know, is one of the choicest of the lesser Boston lions; and scholars and bibliophilists value it as a rich depository of old and rare books. This edition of Sidney might stand as an exemplar of the poetry of publishing. It is done in antique type on cream-tinted paper, with black and crimson letters on the title page, and nothing could be more tasteful. All of Sidney's writings are contained in it, except the Arcadia and the Psalms. It also has several of his MS letters, published for the first time from the originals in the British Museum, and no doubt it is the most faultless edition of his works that has yet been issued. What could be more appropriate for a New Year's gift than such a copy of the works of the gentle hero of Zutphen!

The biographer of Robert Stephenson, Dr. SAMUEL SMILES, has issued a new book entitled SELF-HELP, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHARACTER AND CONDUCT. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) It is an admirable appeal to self-culture, self-discipline and self-control, its lessons enforced by illustrations and anecdotes drawn from the lives of self-made men. Just the book to cheer up a young fellow, engaging in the battle of life, with his heart sinking a little at the odds against him.

Of other noticeable books, let us mention a new series of FRIENDS IN COUNCIL, by ARTHUR HELPS. (Munroe & Co., Boston.) Helps is one of the best of the modern English essayists—a wise, calm, humane, and thoughtful mind, with a remarkable gift of clear and lucid expression. There are thoughts here on war, on worry, on criticism, on proverbs, on toleration, and on other subjects as dissimilar as these, which everybody will be glad to meditate upon.

MR. JOHN C. HAMILTON has issued the fifth volume of his HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AS TRACED IN THE WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) A contribution to American history of indisputable value.

A contribution to fairy history of equally indisputable value, is Mr. C. P. CRANCH'S giant story of THE LAST OF THE HUGGERMUGGERS. (Mayhew & Baker, Boston.) It is not often that any genius arrives who can make a good fairy tale, but this is one of the instances.

A volume of fiction is issued with the title of SEVEN YEARS, by JULIA KAVANAGH. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) The lovers of "Nathalie" and "Adele" will be gratified.

☞ DIFFERENT WAYS OF DOING THE SAME THING.—"Pray excuse me," said a well-dressed young man to a young lady in the second tier of boxes at the theatre; "I wish to go up stairs and get some refreshments—don't leave your seat." A sailor seated in the box near his sweetheart, and disposed to do the same thing, rose and said. "Harkee, Moll, I'm going aloft to wet my whistle—don't fall overboard while I'm gone."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Glimpse of Paris Life—An Original Household.

Paris, Dec. 8, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

During a warm spell of weather in October, I visited some friends of mine who live here near the Garden of Plants.

Imagine a very old house, of the style one so often meets with in the older quarters of Paris, built round three sides of a court, the front of this court being bounded by a high dead wall, with a large green "carriage-door," whose double leaves are only opened on grand occasions, a portion of one forming a door of just sufficient width to admit biped visitors, and serving on all occasions when quadrupeds and carriages are not waiting for admittance. On the top of the wall, just over the door, are two stone lions, painted green, with a view to the imitation of bronze—which lions, rampant, and with a very dubious expression of physiognomy, leave you uncertain whether they are laughing or crying. Having pulled a brass bell-handle, you are startled by hearing a sonorous, vibrating clang, as though you had made your summons at the gates of a monastery of the olden time, and the little door silently opening at the jerk of the invisible porter within, you forthwith enter the court. The porter's lodge to the left is surrounded by sunflowers, fuschias, geraniums, roses, dahlias, and Hortensias; with cactuses, Persian lilacs, and orange-trees in little green tubs; an old fashioned well and bucket greet your eyes in one corner, the steps leading to the kitchen-door meet them in another; a wide, winding stairway, open, but under shelter, leads off to some portion of the premises; large windows, with Venetian shutters are all round you; and in the farther corner is the door of entrance, to which you mount by a flight of broad, shallow stone steps, sheltered by a projecting verandah roof. These steps are also full of flowers.

On entering the house, you find yourself in a vestibule, hung with paintings, and looking out on so great an extent of turf, flowers, and trees, with armies of fowls, and a pretty little goat, which come rushing towards the house the moment they hear voices on the piazza, to see if anybody is going to give them bits of bread or other dainties, that you involuntarily rub your eyes, and wonder by what sudden enchantment you have been spirited away from the bricks and mortar that surrounded you an instant ago, and landed in this wild, grassy, woody wilderness, with the bright patches of sunshine between cool green shadows, hosts of blackbirds singing in the trees, and glimpses of pleasant paths winding away until lost in the trees.

"What a wonderful, fairy-like garden!" is everybody's first exclamation on looking out on a scene so utterly unexpected.

But before going out into the garden, we must take a look at the house. The vestibule opens on one side into a little hall whence you reach the dining-room and kitchens on the ground floor, and obtain access to the upper story by a wide but very oddly-shaped staircase. *To describe the pleasant rooms on that* upper floor, with their spacious windows fronting the south, and looking out on the rich greenery of the garden, or to enumerate the quantities of curious cubby-holes, the odd bits, and corners, and additions of all the shapes and sizes, and heights, that seem to have been "built on" at various epochs, would take me too long. But the parlor, with its three long windows, hung with dark green velvet curtains, the spaces between them lined with looking-glass, which receive and give back long vistas of grass and trees reflected from two other long glasses on the opposite wall;—with its chairs and sofas of the same green velvet with white frames delicately carved and picked out with green;—the old-fashioned gilded and marble tables, loaded with books and objects of *virtu*; the mantle-clock of onyx and silver, flanked by rare china jars and gilded candlesticks, and backed by a vast mirror running up to the ceiling;—the magnificent old lustre, all the balls and pendants of which are of rock crystal, worth I don't know how many thousand francs, and the soft brown carpet which smothers the sound of feet;—must not be forgotten. A smaller room opens out of this one, fitted up in dark brown, with a fine bookcase of carved oak, and the cosiest of sofas and tables for reading and writing. Out of this is a small projection, with glass walls, full of hot-house plants, and forming a miniature conservatory; beyond this room, again, a "den," whose walls and ceiling are hung with gray chequered cotton, bordered with red, the especial *sanctum* of the mistress of the house, who here models, paints, sketches, and engraves, to her heart's content, undisturbed by household cares and visits, which are not allowed to cross its threshhold. One of the very narrow doors in which French architects so much delight—very inconvenient in this age of crinoline—covered with the same gray cotton, opens on a cork-screw staircase which winds up to the rooms above. All the rooms are full of pictures, for the most part heirlooms, and many of which are of great antiquity; the modern ones being principally the work of the lady of the house. Before terminating this description, let me refer once more to the long, narrow mirrors, that form so charming and striking a feature of this beautiful parlor which is the principal feature of the suite. These are simply let into the panels which they occupy, without any other frame than a strip of wood, painted of the same faint whitish green (or greenish white) which forms the color of the walls. The same remark holds good of the great mirror over the mantelpiece: not a speck of gilding is employed upon any of them: the four narrow ones, moreover, are made of two sheets, one above the other, the joint not being at all offensive to the eye, as they are somewhat in shadow. Not only is the cost of these most ornamental fixtures thus reduced to a comparatively insignificant amount, but the effect is so quiet, subdued, and harmonious, as immeasurably to surpass the obtrusive glitter of the usual costly gilt frames.

But before proceeding to the garden, I must introduce your readers to the occupants of this old house, one of the most pleasant, artistically elegant, and agreeable dwellings I know of. The family consists of father, mother, and one most beautiful child, a boy of eight, so handsome that he is perpetually surrounded by a chorus of notes of admiration, of which, happily, the little fellow takes but little heed. The Count and Countess de —— are both young, and both carry back their pedigree to the oldest sources of the French *noblesse*. The Count's ancestors were in the crusades; the Countess's are even older. Heirs to a Marquisate, the young couple, however, are far from rich; the family-estates, on both sides, suffered heavily in the Revolution of 1793, and the personal resources of the young pair were moreover somewhat impaired by a rather too liberal expenditure during the first few years of their housekeeping. As for the child, with his golden hair, blue eyes, white skin, rendered still whiter by the bright hue of the red merino blouse in which it is his mother's delight to dress him, and his lovely child-features loking out from under the broad hat of coarse straw, whose brim is gradually disappearing under the nibblings of his favorite goat, he looks exactly as though he were one of Raphael's child-creations, just walked out of a picture-frame. The blouse in question is at once the simplest and prettiest garment a child can wear, cut out in one piece, on the model of that worn by the Russian peasants, bound round the neck with a narrow, black velvet, opening on one shoulder, and confined round the waist by a narrow belt of black or red leather. With plain white pantaloons, and little black boots, it is impossible to imagine a costume more simple, convenient, and becoming.

The Countess—a graceful little woman, full of talent and vivacity, and very good—is a musician, a painter, and a writer; deep in English, German, and Greek; and abounding in the easiest morning wrappers, which she wears until late in the afternoon, when she drops the artist and the writer, and comes out for the evening in aristocratic dresses, with abundance of black lace, unrivalled fans, and family-jewels.

Her husband—who, in spite of his old name, and the horror of his aristocratic relations, has taken a situation in an important industrial enterprises, and adds to his diminished resources a moderate salary for which he works very hard—is handsome, and *distingue*; dresses simply, but is always, in appearance and manner, "the gentleman." His passion is for country life, for horses, cattle, and poultry; and not being able to gratify this taste, he consoles himself with an immense number of cocks and hens, pigeons, &c., of which he has specimens of the most costly breeds; with rabbits, and with a frequently-repeated declaration that he "is going to have a cow." The rabbits, however, are rather the property of the child, as is a beautiful little fawn-colored goat, of very graceful shape, and small breed, that has just been sent to Master Guillaume by his grandmamma, the Marquise; and a squirrel that got loose last spring, and has committed terrible havoc ever since among the fruit.

As the Count cannot afford a gardener, the garden looks after itself, and has of course got into a tangle, which, however, is original and not without charm, and the Count himself looks after the bipeds and quadrupeds in which he takes such hearty delight. An old *kiosk*,—formerly a very grand affair, but now retaining of old splendors only a few panes of colored glass in the windows,—and an unused green-house, are appropriated to their accommodation at night and in wet weather; besides which various enclosures have been run up for them in out-of-the-way corners, where they fatten, lay eggs, crow, bleat, or squeak, to their own satisfaction and that of their owners. As soon as the Count is up in a morning, he is off to his pets, cleaning, feeding, petting, and exulting; Guillaume joins his papa as soon as his *bonne* has bathed him and got him into his *blouse*: the Countess presently following in a nondescript toilet, remarkable for its looseness and convenience; every time any eating goes on in-doors the fowls and goat come to the dining-room begging for bits; and though they are all so tame that they have to be driven off by main force, (the goat has jumped on the table several times lately while lunch has been going on) and are petted and fed from morning to night, they are all ready for the supper their master bestows on them as soon as he reaches home in the evening, after which they are penned up in their respective quarters, and shut in for the night.

Besides the poultry, certain flowers planted in two little beds near the parlor windows are greatly beloved by the Count; and it is amusing to see the zeal with which, aided by the golden-haired child, he waters these, as soon as the live pets are disposed of. Unfortunately, the excessive heat dried up his pansies too early, the fowls have eaten his geraniums down to the roots, performing the same kind office on eighteen beautiful heliotropes, in full bloom, two days after they were purchased and planted; while the goat, devoting herself especially to the bed of centaurs, just out in their crimson and golden splendors, has munched them down to the last bit of their stems.

Every Wednesday evening the Countess is "at home;" and a pleasant circle of friends, including a number of well-known writers and artists assemble; eating ices in the garden during the summer, and imbibing tea in the parlors during the winter. During the great heats of the present summer, nearly all the meals were taken by my friends in the garden.

Going in upon this original household rather early one evening, when there was going to be a small party, I found the little Countess ready dressed, seated in a rustic chair on the gravel walk, just before the house, and in all the glory of flounces and jewels, her head covered with black lace, a love of a fan in her lap, a book in her hand, the very picture of a high-bred, graceful, intelligent French woman of rank, chatting gaily with her husband and child, who were seated side by side on the lower step of the piazza, with a great wooden bowl of cold boiled potatoes between them, which they were busy peeling for the fowls; an operation they were performing with a couple of ivory-handled silver dessert-knives, which could not stain their fingers. I was much amused at sight of the group, which looked, in the setting of the beautiful garden, very pretty and picturesque. As soon as the potatoes were prepared and distributed, father and son retired, the former to his *cabinet de toilette*, the latter to the company of his nurse, who scrubbed his face and hands, smoothed back his glowing golden hair, and sent him down stairs again in the glory of a clean costume.

Neglected as the garden has been, it has borne this year, to my personal knowledge, besides lots of cabbages and so on for the "pets," almonds, filberts (these, however, have been the prey of the squirrel, who has devoured the whole crop,) apricots, cherries, plums, pears, grapes, mulberries, raspberries, strawberries, and figs, and that in quantities that have left a pretty good yield, notwithstanding the enormous and unblushing depredations of the armies of blackbirds, finches, and sparrows that fill the trees, and keep the place alive with their music. All this, with the stock of fresh eggs, the purer air afforded by the vicinity of trees, the relaxation to mind and body afforded by this spacious, pleasant garden, the excellent effect of such surroundings on the health of the little boy, who, when not at his lessons, is scampering over the place from morning till night, are very wisely regarded by my friends as ample compensation for the distance at which they find themselves from the centre of Paris, and the old-fashioned style and somewhat dilapidated state of the house, thanks to which they obtain this really delightful residence at a rent no higher than they would pay for some small apartment, full of mouldings and gilding, and destitute of comfort, privacy and elbow-room, in the newly-erected lines of smart white houses in the fashionable quarters of the metropolis. And I think, could your readers look in upon the pleasant establishment I have been describing, they would agree with me in admiring the good sense and good taste which, with the aid of only limited pecuniary means, have created so charming a home amidst the glittering emptiness of Parisian life, and in wishing that such green oases could be more frequently met with in the deserts of brick and mortar which we call cities.

QUANTUM.

A LIST OF WONDERS.

Among the thousands of marvelous inventions which American genius has produced within the last few years, are the following, compiled from the Patent Office Report:—

The Report explains the principles of the celebrated Hobbs Lock. Its "unpickability" depends upon a secondary or false set of tumblers, which touches the real ones. Moreover, the lock is powder-proof, and may be loaded through the key-hole and fired of till the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the explosion will bring to view his experiments more witnesses than he desires.

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice making machine has been patented which is worked by a steam engine. In an experimental trial it froze several bottles of sherry, and produced blocks of ice the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was up to eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace, it will make a ton of ice.

From Dr. Dale's Examiner's Report we gather some idea of the value of patents. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw cutters, took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with $40,000. Another man had a machine to thresh and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for $60,000. These are ordinary cases—while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine and India rubber patents are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's report describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus by which the whale is literally "shocked to death." Another is an electro magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire and burglars. Another is an electric clock which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a "sound-gatherer," a sort of a huge ear-trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ears all the noises ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the noise of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them around with their heads up, and sticks them in papers in regular rows.

Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves and turning out finished cigars.

One machine cuts cheese; another scours the knives and forks, another rocks the cradle, and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs—and a railway chair that can be tipped back in any position without any legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts passengers in an omnibus and takes their fare. When a very fat gentleman gets in it counts two and charges double.

There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves; a fishing line that adjusts its own bait, and a rat trap which throws away the rat, and then baits itself, and stands in the corner for another.

There is a machine also by which a man prints instead of writes his thoughts. It is played like a piano forte. And speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred persons, and costing over two millions of dollars.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Weather.—During the recent cold snap on the 28th, the thermometer was as follows:—

Montreal, Dec. 28.—The thermometer indicates a temperature of 16 deg. below zero, but the river is not yet frozen. Opposite the city the water is very high, and the lower part of Griffintown is flooded.

St. Johnsburg, Vt. Dec. 28.—The thermometer indicates 20 deg. below zero.

Rouse's Point, N. Y., Dec. 28.—The thermometer indicates 19 deg. below zero.

Boston, Dec. 28.—The thermometer indicates 2 deg. below zero.

In Philadelphia, (January 2nd) it was about zero.

From Texas, singularly enough, we have accounts of unprecedentedly cold weather, and losses. In some places cattle, sheep and goats died in considerable numbers. In other places even domestic fowls were frozen stiff on their roosts. The Indianola Courier, of the 17th ult., says: During the recent "cold snap" thousands of fish in Matagorda bay and adjacent waters were chilled to death. Many floated ashore, but the larger number drifted with the current into the Gulf.

A Mammoth Tree.—There is a tree on the premises of Jacob Sheeder, in East Vincent township, Chester county, of remarkable dimensions—probably the largest in circumference in Chester county. It is of the buttonwood species, and measures, at "stump height" twenty-four feet in circumference. It is hollow for some distance from the ground.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mount Baker Active.—Mount Baker, Washington territory, is reported by the passengers of the Eliza Anderson to be in a state of active eruption, puffing out large volumes of smoke, which upon breaking roll down the snow-covered sides of the mountain, forming a pleasing effect of light and shade.

A Valuable Spring.—It is stated that Colonel Drake, of Titusville, Pa., is now pumping oil from his spring at the rate of nearly a barrel an hour for twenty-four hours in the day, and sometimes that amount is far exceeded. The net profits of this one spring are estimated at over twenty thousand dollars per month.

Turkish Justice.—A telegram in the Nord states that fourteen youths, pupils in the late naval school, having been implicated in the late plot in Turkey, were, without trial, tied up in sacks, with a 30 pound shot at their feet, and quietly thrown into the Bosphorus. Their ages averaged about fifteen.

A Monument to J. Fenimore Cooper.—The Cooperstown Democrat, states that a monument to Cooper is to be erected in that town, at a cost of $3,200. It will be erected in the beautiful Lake Wood Cemetery, between Lake Otsego and Mount Vision and Prospect Rock, and near the spot of the "Panther scene." The height is twenty-five feet, consisting of base, die and cap, from which rises the shaft, surmounted by a richly carved Corinthian capital.

Lady Franklin is about to visit Paris, and will be received by the scientific section of the academies with the honors usually bestowed on royalty.

Trade in Paris is now more active. Speculators begin to have more confidence in the friendly relations of France and England. The letter from Louis Napoleon to the four Liverpool brokers seems to have had a good effect.

Theatrical Tricks.—In the trial, in New York, between Bourcicault and his managers, respecting the former's play of the "Octoroon," it came out that the author had made a proposition to Mr. Stuart that the latter should induce the daily press to denounce the piece as Abolition in its tendencies, for the purpose of drawing to it the public attention.

Eldridge F. Paige, who has acquired a world-wide fame as the author of "Patent Sermons," over the *nom de plume* of "Dow, Jr.," and who at one time was possessed of affluence and exerted considerable social influence in New York city, died a miserable death in most abject poverty, in a low and filthy hovel in San Francisco, on the 4th ult. Intemperance had much to do with it.

A Natural Bridge.—The Albany Journal of Thursday evening says the ice in the Hudson river is from eight to twelve inches thick, and that loaded vehicles now pass on it.

African Cotton.—A cargo of African cotton is reported to have been received at Boston, and is said to be equal to the best Mississippi, in length and fineness of staple.

The grand jury in the U. S. District Court of Illinois, sitting at Chicago, on Wednesday, found a bill of indictment under the fugitive slave law, against eight citizens of Ottawa, for assisting at the rescue of an alleged slave in that city, in October last.

The Rev. Daniel Worth, a Wesleyan Methodist, has been arrested in Greenborough, N. C., for preaching incendiary doctrines and circulating Helper's book. He defended himself and his preaching before the magistrate, but was sent to prison for want of bail.

Very Sandy.—The editor of the Savannah Republican is in receipt of a letter from one of the cotton manufacturing companies in Georgia, mentioning the purchase of a crop of cotton at Macon, which from actual weight contained fifty-five per cent. of sand, leaving but forty-five per centum of cotton. That beats even wooden nutmegs.

The Great Eastern Steamship Company has received a loan of £40,000, to complete the fitting out for sea.

Sir H. Grant has accepted the command of the English expedition against China.

The representatives to the European Congress are continuing to arrive at Paris.

Senator Seward arrived home last week. The City Councils of New York city voted him unanimously the City Hall to receive his friends in. He was received with much enthusiasm in the different towns on his way home.

The Warsaw (Missouri) Dispatch, gives an account of an attempted "negro insurrection" at that place on the 26th. It does not appear, however, to have been of a serious character, as we hear nothing more about it.

"A great tribulation" has been occasioned in literary circles in England, by a charge, in the Clerical Journal, that the Rev. Dr. Cumming wrote the review and puff of his own work in the London Times. The Critic calls upon the "Doctor" to make "revelations," and relieve himself, if possible, from the damaging accusation.—*New York Christian Chronicle.*

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce reports that Mrs. Daniel Webster leads a quiet and dignified life in New York city, surrounded by relatives and friends. She devotes her time to self-culture, and to the performance of the duties she owes to her friends, her country, and the church.

Pork.—Judge Clawson, of Woodstown, Salem county, N. J., has raised a hog which weighed alive 1,532 pounds. The weight when dressed is estimated at 1,350 pounds.

The ditch mining system of California is carried to so vast an extent that the water in the rivers is greatly diminished thereby.

Advices from Brownsville, Texas, to the 20th, report Cortinas to have concentrated his whole force at a point above Brownsville. The Americans went to meet him, and after a severe fight, defeated his party. The Americans were pursuing Cortinas, who was retreating rapidly.

The President's Message was transmitted to Pittsburg on two wires, in five hours and fifteen minutes. Two thousand and eighty-three words were transmitted by one operator—Mr. Zeigler—in an hour, Mr. Fleming, of Pittsburg, taking it down by "the tick."

The Delaware Terminus Determined On.—We learn that the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have fixed upon the foot of Prime (or Washington) street, Southwark, Philadelphia, as the Delaware terminus of the road. The cars will cross the Schuylkill by the Gray's Ferry bridge. It will be remembered that the Baltimore Railroad Company have a double track upon this street, which extends from the Delaware to the Schuylkill. It is expected that in the course of a few months the foreign freight of the Pennsylvania Railroad will reach the Delaware by this route, instead of being dragged by mules through the heart of the city.

About a dozen of the students who lately stampeded from the Philadelphia medical colleges have come back again. They say they only intended a Christmas frolic, and desired to have a good time with the rest at Richmond.

Advices have been received by Mr. Gerrit Smith's friends, that that gentleman continues to improve, and that as soon as his physicians deem it prudent, he will make a voyage to Europe, and spend some time in travel and sightseeing. He has already returned to his home.

The New Haven Journal says that Col. Sam Colt, of Hartford, has made arrangements to establish a branch manufactory of fire-arms at Richmond, Va. The capital required is $1,000,000, of which Major W. M. R. Hartley, of Connecticut, has agreed to furnish half.

National Receipts and Expenditures.—Our national receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30th last, amounted to only $53,405,181; while the sum expended was $84,057,822. The deficiency of over thirty millions of dollars had to be borrowed by means of the issue of Treasury notes.

Post Office.—We see by the report of the Postmaster General, that the Department ran behind hand the last fiscal year over seven millions of dollars. There is a deficiency of over a million in the Pacific mail alone. Among other economies recommended is the repeal of the act of 1825, allowing newspapers to receive their exchanges free of postage. Mr. Holt also urges the repeal of the statute of 1852, requiring that weekly newspapers be delivered free of postage to all subscribers residing within the limits of the county in which they are published. He urges Congress to make an early appropriation to meet all the existing liabilities of the department, and also that interest be allowed on the debts.

Unpleasant Arrival.—Dr. E. W. Thomas, a wealthy citizen of Napoleon, Arkansas, was surprised by the arrival there, a few days since, of a lady bearing his name, and claiming him as her husband. Mrs. Thomas, who, for many years, resided in Louisville, alleges that she was married to the doctor in 1844, and that he lived with her long enough to convert her property into money, with which he left, leaving her penniless. She has taken up her residence in Arkansas, and instituted suit for divorce and alimony, and commenced a prosecution for bigamy. She charges that he never obtained a divorce, and that he is now living with his *sixth* wife.—*Exchange Paper.*

The State of Massachusetts has amended its laws relative to the marriage contract, by providing that divorce may be obtained on the ground of extreme cruelty, desertion for five consecutive years, and confirmed habits of intoxication contracted after marriage.

☞ In this beautiful world of ours, "all things are double,"—*one against another. I* consider this great Truth the Key to all Philosophy.—*St. Pierre.*

☞ Liberty is set before foxes in narrow flasks, and before storks in flat basins. The cunning fox knows his remedy, and snaps off the neck of the flask, but what hope is there for the silly stork? He suffers himself to be persuaded that the best cure is to allow his bill to be trimmed.

☞ A gentleman who has been obliged to visit the dentist lately, wishes to know if the carious and precarious teeth which he has inherited from his father's family might be called his paternal achers.

☞ No man should be so much taken up in the search of truth, as thereby to neglect the more necessary duties of active life; for, after all is done, it is action only that gives a true value and commendation to virtue.—*Cicero.*

☞ An Odd Fellow.—Morpheus, for he is undeniably a Nod fellow.

☞ The Universal Passion.—A foreigner, who had mixed among many nations, was asked if he had observed any particular quality in our species that might be considered universal. He replied, "Me tink dat all men love lazy."

☞ When George Grenville one night in the House of Commons was taken ill, and fainted, George Selwyn cried out: "Why don't you give him the Journals of the House to smell?"

☞ Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. —*Fuller.*

☞ At a public dinner, three clergymen stood up at the same moment to say grace. Sydney Smith, who was present, called them "the Three Graces."

☞ You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.—*Lavater.*

☞ Affectation in any part of our carriage, is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense, or sincerity.—*Locke.*

☞ Two wagers are on authentic record which the famous Beau Nash was bold enough to win; in 1704, one of fifty guineas for standing with no other clothing but a blanket at the door of York Cathedral, as the congregation were coming out of church; the other a wager of a much larger sum for riding in Lady Godiva fashion (stark naked) through a village on a cow.

☞ This then is the office of the real priests of God, whether found on thrones or in council chambers, in pulpits or professors' chairs, or merely at writing-tables: to render more truly humane the human race around them. Whether for their reward thorns shall grow for them on earth, or palms in heaven, need concern them little.—*Zschokke.*

☞ That which is useful is alone venerable; that which is virtuous is alone noble; and there is nothing so illustrious as the dedication of the intellect and the affection to the great end of human improvement and happiness; an end which will be the ultimate test and touchstone of all our institutions, by a reference to which they will be judged, and either perpetuated or swept away.—*Westminster Review.*

☞ Charles James Fox said, "a man must have a grand want of right feeling and right thinking, who does not like popularity; who does not wish the people about him, and for and with whom he acts, to be in good humor with him."

☞ Gas.—Indignant Consumer: My bill is larger than ever before, and there must be some mistake. Please examine it again.—Clerk: The bill, no doubt, appears larger to you than you expected; but you do not understand the meter, and we insist upon full payment. Consumer: How do you sell your gas—by long or by short meter? Bystander (also indignant at the size of his quarter's bill): Why, they charge you by long meter, and when you complain they answer you in short meter.

☞ Young America is here all over. Little Thomas T—— is five years old. He was in a musing mood the other day, and his mother asked him what he was thinking about? "Oh," said he, "I was thinking of *old times!*"

☞ "Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a fond wife of her husband. "Give it up?" Then placing herself closer to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, she said, "Because I am your other self, and you are now *beside yourself.*"

☞ Half the secrets in the world are disclosed in order that those who possess them may let their friends know that they hold them.

☞ Waiter's Epitaph.—He couldn't wait any longer—so he went.—*Sat. Press.*

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Troubles in Hungary—Reported Abdication of the Emperor of Austria, &c.

The Canada brings foreign news to the 18th—three days later.

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe, gives information that the Emperor of Austria contemplates abdication. He says the Archduchess Sophia, the head of the House of Hapsburg, who holds her court at Prague, is the authoress of the scheme.

A letter in the Times, dated Pesth, Dec. 12th says:—"The die is cast. The Government is resolved to adopt a vigorous policy towards Hungary instead of redressing her manifold grievances."

One hundred and eighty Protestant noblemen and gentlemen have, within the last few days, been cast into prison, or cited before the magistrates, for having taken part in the assemblies which protested against the Imperial Patent of December.

The Austrian army in Hungary will soon be nearly 50,000 strong.

The Vienna correspondent of the Times, writing on December 14th, says the danger of a conflict between the Imperial authorities and the Hungarian Protestants daily increases, and that in Hungary, political and religious agitation go hand in hand.

Vienna, Dec. 17.—In the last Cabinet Council presided over by the Emperor, it was resolved that at the next budget a reduction of thirty-eighty millions of florins shall be made in the expenses of the war department. Austria is about to proceed to a complete disarmament.

Copenhagen, Dec. 17th.—The Royal Palace of Fredericksburg was last night completely destroyed by fire.

The report of the marriage of Garibaldi is pronounced unfounded.

It is stated that the belligerent powers will only be represented at the European Congress by the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and the remaining powers are to send Plenipotentiaries. The Paris Patrie mentions a rumor that Prince Gortschakoff will decline to attend the Congress, unless England is represented by some important member of her Cabinet.

The Presse contains an article to the effect that England and Sardinia must obtain serious guarantees before sending definite answers to the invitation of France, and also that a Congress would be impossible if the principle of non-intervention has not been accepted by all the Powers.

Count Cavour is to represent Sardinia.

The London Advertiser thinks it probable that the arrogance of the Pope, in claiming the precedence of his Representative in the Congress over all the other Powers, was one of the points for consideration.

It is rumored that the Emperor Napoleon will inaugurate the new year by fresh pacific demonstrations.

A Swiss paper says that Napoleon has refused permission to Gen. McMahon to accept a sword that is in preparation by his friends and admirers in Ireland.

The state of Prince Jerome's health is considered alarming. The Emperor paid three visits to his uncle yesterday.

The weather in Paris is extremely severe. The railway traffic is impeded by heavy falls of snow.

Liverpool, Dec. 16.—Cotton has declined somewhat. The holders of the new crop are pressing their stocks on the market. The stock of American Cotton is 262,000 bales.

State of Trade.—The advices from Manchester are unfavorable, and all descriptions of goods show a slight decline, closing quietly.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market, Dec. 16.—The market closes dull: Flour steady and dull; Wheat steady, closing firm; Red, 9s 3d@9s 10d; White, 9s 6d@11s 6d. Corn has advanced 3d@6d, and is in better demand.

Beef is quiet, with a decline for inferior qualities of 2s 6d. Pork dull; repacked 50s. Bacon quiet; new middle wanted; Cumberland dull. Lard dull and quotations are nominal at 55@56.

Sugar is buoyant, and there has been a partial advance on some descriptions, for export. Rice is quiet. Rosin dull at 4s@4s 2d, closing firm. Spirits Turpentine dull at 33s 9d@34s. Tea has advanced ½d@1d.

London Markets, Dec. 16.—Sugar is firm at 6d advance; Rice steady at 1s advance.

London Money Market, Dec. 16.—Money is abundant and rates are unchanged. Consols 95¼ ex-dividend for account.

Duel Anticipated.—Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, and Grow, of Pennsylvania, have been held to bail in $5,000 each to keep the peace, and not leave the District of Columbia, to fight a duel.

The fact in regard to the above case, appears to be that Mr. Branch invited Mr. Grow to meet him outside the district, for the purpose, doubtless, of a correspondence concerning the passage between them in the House on Thursday. Mr. Grow regarded this invitation in the light of a challenge, and declined accepting it, on the ground that he did not recognize "the code," but was prepared to defend himself against assault. This difficulty arose from language applied by Mr. Grow to Mr. Branch, in answer to an impeachment of his motives for resisting the passage of the Post Office bill at the last session.

☞ Don't expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

☞ An eminent lawyer in Glasgow once had a client whose name was Widow Tickle.—He rose and commenced to address the honorable Court in this manner: "Tickle, my client, my lord," and paused for a moment. The judge, who was considered a wag, broke in after this most ludicrous style: "Ye maun tickle her yersel, Mr. McLaughlin. It is not the business of this Court to tickle yer client, my brs' mon."

☞ A Commentary on Cæsar.—Julius Cæsar's letter, "I came, I saw, I conquered," has been admired for nearly two thousand years for its terseness. We think it rather verbose. The words "I saw" are entirely superfluous. Indeed, we think "I came" wholly unnecessary. "I conquered" would tell the whole story. But Julius had, no doubt, a good deal of leisure when he wrote that letter, and his style suffered in consequence.

☞ "Well, you've been out to look at Texas, did you see anything of our old friend —— there?" "Yes—gone deranged. "Gone deranged! Really crazy—what does he do?" "Yes, indeed, he don't know his neighbor's hogs from his own."

☞ Nothing, my dear friend, goes by chance. All has its rule, and is determined by a power which rarely tells its secret. The political world is as truly submitted to law as the physical world: but as the liberty of man plays a certain part in it, we end by thinking that it does all.—*Joseph de Maistre.*

☞ The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich. —*Saadi.*

☞ It is undoubtedly a duty to acquire riches, not for the condition which they make, but for the power they confer. The wisdom, however, properly to employ them demands even more earnest study and honest endeavor. —*W. G. Simms.*

EPIDEMICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.*

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In spite of what we hear and read, and even smell with our own noses, of the state of the Thames and the impurities of London, and notwithstanding the threats of Cholera, and of the ravages of that dread disease when it does appear, there is no doubt that we moderns can have but feeble conceptions of the nature of a Plague proper—of the hideous aspects of the great Epidemics of old. We are dirty enough in some of our great towns, it is true, but we are not so altogether filthy as were our forefathers of the middle ages. We overeat ourselves occasionally in the City, still, but two lord mayors and six aldermen are not found to die in one week of the *swetynge sykenesse*, as happened during the festivities which followed upon the victory of Bosworth Field. We by no means understand the nature of all diseases yet, or can suggest the most effectual remedies, but we do not entertain such delusions, in any cases, as that *a man must be made to perspire for twenty-four hours without intermission*, if he would escape death. The wisdom of our ancestors put the patient suspected of the Sweating Sickness instantly to bed; "covered him with feather-bed and furs; and whilst the stove was heated to the utmost, closed the doors and windows with the greatest care, to prevent all access of cool air. In order, moreover, to prevent the sufferer, should he be somewhat impatient, from throwing off his hot load, some persons in health likewise lay upon him, and thus oppressed him to such a degree that he could neither stir hand nor foot; and, finally, in this rehearsal of hell, being tortured in an agonising sweat, gave up the ghost, when, perhaps, if his too officious relatives had manifested a little discretion, he might have been saved without difficulty."

To continue that pleasant task, the favorable comparison of ourselves with our ancestors, if ever that terrible scourge of the fourteenth century, the Black Death, should reappear, it is probable that we should have more than one Guy de Chauliac to vindicate the honor of his profession, and "disdain the excuse of his colleagues, who held the Arabian notion that medical aid was unavailing, and that the contagion justified flight;" nor would many of our clergy be found to conduct themselves like those of that period, who left the host outside the sick man's house, to be taken in by a servant, or administered the final sacrament at the end of a pole.

That this hideous pest, which derived its northern name† from the black spots, indicative of a putrid decomposition, which appeared upon the skin, was exceedingly contagious, there seems to be no doubt. It was communicated from the sick to the sound "like fire among dry and oily fuel," and not only men but animals at once perished if they so much as touched anything belonging to the dead. Boccaccio, himself a medical man, relates that he saw two hogs upon the rags of a person who had died of this plague, after staggering for a short time, fall down dead as if they had taken poison. Every spot which the sick had touched spread the contagion, and even the very eyes of the patient were considered dangerous, which "had the power of acting at a distance, whether on account of their unwonted lustre, or the distortion which they always suffer in plague, or whether in conformity with an ancient notion, according to which the sight was considered as the bearer of a demoniacal enchantment." More powerful, indeed, than any atmospheric or other cause of the Black Death, was the effect of the contagion communicated from one people to another over the great roads and in the Mediterranean harbors. From its head-quarters in China, the invading pestilence travelled by caravan and ship into Europe; Constantinople and the harbors of Asia Minor being the *foci* whence it radiated to the most distant seaports and islands. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants, and "ships without crews were often seen in the Mediterranean, as afterwards in the North Sea, driving about and spreading the plague wherever they went on shore." Lubeck, at that period a town of immense importance, was thrown by it into such consternation, that the citizens destroyed themselves as if in frenzy. "Merchants, whose earnings and possessions were unbounded, coldly and willingly renounced their earthly goods. They carried their treasures to monasteries and churches, and laid them at the foot of the altar; but gold had no charms for the monks, for it brought them death. They shut their gates, yet still it was cast to them over the convent wall. People would brook no impediment to the last pious work to which they were driven by despair. When the plague ceased, men thought they were still wandering among the dead, so appalling was the livid aspect of the survivors, in consequence of the anxiety they had undergone during its continuance."

In Paris, there died five hundred daily in the Hotel-Dieu; nor had the Black Death respect for even the blood-royal, for the queens of Navarre and France fell each a victim to it. Venice and London lost each a hundred thousand of their population, and Munich fifty thousand, which must have been almost its all. "Of the estimates of lives lost in Europe," says Professor Hecker, "the most probable is that, altogether, a fourth part of the inhabitants were carried off. It may be assumed, therefore, without exaggeration, that Europe lost during the Black Death *twenty-five millions* of people." It may well be asked, then, how did she recover so quickly from a shock so tremendous as this? The Professor—acknowledged on all hands to be the most learned medical historian in Germany—has an explanation to give sufficiently wonderful. "After the cessation of the Black Plague, a greater fecundity in women was everywhere remarkable—a grand phenomenon, which, from its occurrence after every destructive pestilence, proves to conviction, if any ocurrence can do so, the prevalence of a Higher Power in the direction of general organic life. Marriages were almost without exception prolific, and double and treble births more frequent than at other times."

There were two grand devices favored by the non-medical portion of the European community for the doing away with the Black Death. One was the joining the Society of Flagellants, who, noble and ignoble, old and young, marched through the streets with nothing save a scarf around their waists, and a scourge of leathern thongs in their hands. "Not only during the day, but even by night, and in the severest winter, they traversed the city with burning torches and banners, in thousands and tens of thousands, headed by their priests, and prostrated themselves before the altars. They proceeded in the same manner in the villages; and the woods and mountains resounded with the voices of those whose cries were raised to God. The melancholy chant of the penitents alone was heard." The second great remedy was far more popular, since no Christian body suffered by it—namely, the universal burning of Jews, and the advice of the clergy was in this matter followed with much greater alacrity. We can imagine the delight of a good Catholic, to whom, expecting a cat-o'-nine tails for himself, it was suggested, instead, to sacrifice some other person, to whom, perhaps, he may also have owed money; and we can believe in the tenor of the remark which Barham puts into the mouth of the King of Spain upon a like occasion, if not in the very words themselves:

Pooh, pooh,
Burn a Jew?
Burn a dozen—
Burn *two*.

And, indeed, it seemed better to burn a hundred Jews, than to give as many smacks with a leathern whip on one's own naked shoulders. In every destructive pestilence, the common people have at first attributed the mortality to poison; and in this, the Jews were at once accused of having poisoned the wells, and infected the air. In Germany, the springs and wells were built over, so that nobody might drink of them, and the inhabitants of numerous towns used only river and rain water. The gates of cities were guarded, and if any stranger arrived with drugs in his possession—any *vade mecum* of a medicine-chest, such as most travellers would be likely to have about them—he was made to swallow a portion of them in presence of the authorities. All the Jews in Basel were enclosed in a wooden building constructed expressly for that purpose, and burned together with it, upon the mere outcry of the people, without form of trial. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burned in their own burial-ground; and at Mayence, twelve thousand. At Spiers and Eslingen, the whole Jewish community anticipated these attentions, and burned themselves in their synagogues. In short, "whatever deeds fanaticism, avarice, and despair, in fearful combination, could instigate mankind to perform, were executed in 1349 throughout Germany, Italy, and France, with impunity, and in the eyes of the world." Yet, singularly enough, it is about that date, we believe, at which, by very many simple persons, are fixed "the good old times." Even the physicians of the period appear to have had rather peculiar views of the cure and cause of this formidable malady, since we find the medical faculty of Paris, officially commissioned to deliver their opinion upon the matter, recommending "a little fine treacle to be taken after dinner," and that "fat people should by no means sit in the sunshine."

Scarcely had the graves of the millions who had perished by the Black Death well closed, before the Dancing Mania broke out in Germany and the Netherlands. This was not confined to any particular locality, but was propagated like some demoniacal epidemic by the mere spectacle of the sufferers. Persons afflicted with this dance of St. John, as it was called, "appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists girt with cloths, that they might, as soon as the paroxysm was over, receive immediate relief on the attack of the tympany. This bandage was, on the insertion of a stick, easily twisted tight; many, however, obtained more relief from kicks and blows, which they found numbers of persons ready to administer. * * * * These possessed persons intimidated the people to such a degree, that there was an express ordinance issued that no one should make any but square-toed shoes, because these fanatics had manifested a morbid dislike to the pointed shoes which had of late come into fashion." Thus these morbid disciples of Terpschore retained in their madness—as is generally found among this species of fanatics—a very considerable sense of what would hurt them: they could bear a little kicking, but then it must be with square-toed shoes. Why they should become so furious at the sight of red, as to fly at any person wearing garments of that color, and to tear them, is less intelligible; but there was another official prohibition, in consequence, forbidding red costumes to be worn. The dancers, it is fair to add, tore their own clothes as well as other people's, in their paroxysms, and indeed were liable to so greatly misbehave themselves, that those who could afford it employed confidential attendants to accompany and take decent care of them. It was found that music had particular charms for these poor creatures, and on this account the magistrates hired musicians to carry them through their attacks with the greater quickness; and powerful men were sent in among them to complete their exhaustion, since they were exceedingly emulous of high leaps. With the Tarentula dancers—which was the name this mania went by in Italy, from the little spider which was supposed to be the cause of it all—red was, on the contrary, the most favorite color, so that a patient was seldom without some article of that hue, which he feasted his eyes upon, and ogled as a lover does his mistress.

"The dancing fits of a certain Capuchin friar in Tarentum excited so much curiosity, that Cardinal Cajetano proceeded to the monastery to see with his own eyes what was going on. As soon as the monk, who was in the middle of his dance, perceived the spiritual prince clothed in his red garments, he no longer listened to the Tarentella of the musicians, but with strange gestures, endeavored to approach the cardinal, as if he wished to count the very threads of his scarlet robe, and to allay his intense longing by its odor." Upon the spectators preventing this, he presently sunk down in a swoon, and was only recovered by the cardinal's compassionately giving him his cape. "This he immediately seized in the greatest ecstacy, and pressed, now to his breast, now to his forehead and cheeks, and then again commenced his dance, as if in the frenzy of a love-fit." The historian does not state whether the cardinal got his cape back again or not.

The extent to which morbid sympathy will carry ignorant and simple persons, can be scarcely comprehended indeed by those who have not read this volume of Dr. Hecker's. It was originally printed in this country for the Sydenham Society, when the ravages of the Cholera were fresh in all men's minds, and mainly on account of its description of the Black Death; but it is not less interesting at this period to compare the accounts of the Dancing Mania with certain unrestrained religious Revivals. Within the present century, a Revival movement commenced at a Methodist chapel at Redruth in Cornwall, which affected, even to convulsions, more than four thousand persons. About fifty years ago, there was scarcely a Sabbath wherein the same religious hysteria did not manifest itself in the Shetland Isles. One pious and intelligent minister, however, being annoyed on his first introduction to that country by persons with these paroxysms, informed his congregation that no remedy was so excellent as immersion in cold water, for which treatment a lake at his kirk-door happened to offer particular advantages. This suggestion put an effectual stop to these unpleasant manifestations, although several females writhed and tossed their arms about in the churchyard outside, when not under the eye of their pastor. Before, however, this hydropathical clergyman arrived, as many as sixty persons were, on sacramental occasions, carried out of kirk together, struggling and roaring. John Wesley, it may be remembered, was perfectly used to exhibitions of this kind, and by no means approved of them, even in the gentler sex. "I shan't think any better of you for *that*," observed he to one of these female Convulsionists; "whereupon," we are told, "she mended." Whenever a man "fell into a fit for my entertainment," says he, "I had him placed outside to recover at his leisure."

The religious element is not, of course, essential to the exhibition of this morbid sympathy. "At a cotton manufactory at Hodden Bridge, in Lancashire, a girl, on the 15th of February 1797, put a mouse into the bosom of another girl who had a great dread of mice. The girl was immediately thrown into a fit, and continued in it, with the most violent convulsions, for twenty-four hours. On the following day, three more girls were seized in the same manner; and on the 17th, six more. The whole work, in which 200 or 300 were engaged, was presently stopped, and an idea prevailed that a particular disease had been introduced by a bag of cotton opened in the house. Presently, twenty-four were seized, of whom twenty-one were young women, two girls of about ten, and one man who had been much fatigued with holding the girls. Five of the number lived miles away at another factory, and *were infected entirely from report*, not having seen the other patients, but, like them and the rest of the country, strongly impressed with the idea of the plague being caught from the cotton. The symptoms were anxiety, strangulation, and very strong convulsions; and these were so violent as to last, without any intermission, from a quarter of an hour to twenty-four hours, and to require four or five persons to prevent the patients from tearing their hair and dashing their heads against the floor or walls."

The novelty in this present edition of Dr. Hecker's book—now for the first time procurable by the general reader—is his account of the wonderful child-pilgrimages at the beginning of the thirteenth century. A shepherd-boy, in Vendome, began the principal movement—of which there were several at different epochs—and soon gathered to himself some thirty thousand young followers. He performed miracles at St. Denis, and was the greatest (and least) saint of his day for no little time; but "every day there arose new eight or ten year old prophets, who preached, worked miracles, and animated whole armies of children. When any asked these children in pilgrims' coats whither they were going, they answered as with one mouth, 'To God.' Their orderly processions were headed by oriflammes; many carried wax-candles, crosses, and censers; and they sung incessantly hymns of fervid devotion. * * * * The consternation of the parents was boundless. No persuasion, nor even the despair and tears of the mothers, could keep back the boys. Were they hindered, they wept night and day, pined with sorrow, and fell ill with trembling of limbs, so at last, of necessity, they were let go. * * * * The movement did not last long before there were assembled at Vendome an innumerable army of boys, armed and unarmed, many on horseback, the most on foot, and among them not a few girls in male clothing." They imagined, poor little fellows, that the sea would go back for them, and that they should reach the Holy Land dry shod. They were, of course, soon joined by a host of roguish camp-followers, who cheated them so miserably that the most had soon to be maintained by charity. But at Marseilles, whither they were bound, the worst awaited them. Two merchants of that place, Hugh Ferreus and William Porcus, gave them an affectionate reception, and promised to take them over the sea for God's blessing only, but having filled seven large ships with them—two of which struck on St. Peter's Island, where a church was erected to the memory of the little passengers, who perished there every one—they carried them to Alexandria, and sold them to the Saracens. It is good to know that Ferreus and Porcus, by command of the Emperor Frederic II., were both hung.

We cannot say that the author of this interesting volume has quite proved, to our satisfaction, his favorite theory, that mighty revolutions in the organism of the earth precede and partly effect such awful scourges as the Black Death and the Sweating Sickness: and he maintains upon, as it seems to us, insufficient grounds, that great epidemics are *epochs of development*, wherein the mental energies of mankind are exerted in every direction, and have a vast influence upon succeeding ages; but surely his complaint is a just one, that such important facts as he has narrated have been left almost entirely to the medical writers, and have been altogether overlooked or dismissed with very insufficient notice by historians.

* The Epidemics of the Middle Ages. From the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M. D. Translated by B. G. Babington, M. D. Trubner & Co., 1859.

† In Italy, it was called "The Great Mortality."

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOR 1860.

The light on the hill-tops has faded,
The dim shadows meet and embrace;
In the sheltering lap of the evening
The wan day is hiding her face,
Wearied out with resisting the darkness,
Which, sternly approaching apace
Is crowding her out of her place.

There are voices of shouting and laughter,
The streets are resounding with cheer—
And all up and down, in the windows,
The home-lights begin to appear;
Yet something there is in the evening,
Most sad, unaccustomed and drear,
On this, the last night of the year,
The last lonesome night of the year!

More dim grow the shapes of the passers,
Whose faces I faintly discern,
As I sit here alone in the shadows
And watch the bright window-lights burn,
And think of some long ago Christmas,
And the days which will never return—
They are gone, and will never return.

And now, in the gathering darkness,
I fancy the year that is old
Walks over the world he has governed,
With footsteps which none may behold;—
All wearied and bent with his labors,
And sorrows and trials untold,
Unfriended, unseen, unconsoled.

With feet uninvited he enters
The homes of the high and the low,
And noting what manifold changes
Have chanced since a twelvemonth ago,
He writes them all down in his record,
And marvels that we are so slow,
To see how the rapid years go!

He walks like a ghost through the darkness,
The darkness so frigid and drear,
Knowing well that his hour is approaching,
And the end of his stewardship near;
His steps are as silent as moonlight;—
No ears are so keen as to hear
The feet of the vanishing year!

Behind him, in solemn procession,
There follows a various throng—
Some wandering slowly and gravely—
Some gladsomely dancing along,
As though their light footsteps were measured
By music, and sunshine and song—
A mingled, mysterious throng!

I press my face against the frosty glass,
And watch to see them pass,
Some chill and smileless, and some crowned with flowers,
The ghosts of the dead Hours!

Stern January leads the varied train;—
His is a bitter reign
Of ice and cold;—he loves the sleety rain,
And the strong winds that make the forests bow;—
His beard is white;—his brow
Dark with impending snow-storms; even now
His power returns again.

Then, frigid and unkind,
Harsh February follows close behind—
Cruel, yet serving, in his bitterest spite,
To make our hearts warm, and our home-fires bright.

The gusty March is there,
With snow-flakes sifted in his wind-tossed hair—
Leading, with blustering care
The timid Spring-days, softening unawares,
And breathing gracious airs;

Then changeful April, full of freakish wiles,
And most uncertain smiles,
Fickle as man;—nought can more faithless be—
Constant inconstancy!

Smiling and singing all along the way
Comes the courageous May,
Radiant with her alternate rains and shines,
And seeking, day by day,
For ough flowers which she seldom finds.

Then, not a step too soon,
Dawns the delightful and most regal June—
Her rich, warm tresses full of golden gleams,
And voice like gurgling streams;
While clustering roses, white and crimson, stay
Unwithered in her bosom all the day.

July, with careless ease,
Lifts her flushed forehead to the bashful breeze,
The gorgeous blooms which make her royal zone,
All ripe and overblown.

Then August, with her rosy shoulders bare,
Wooing the drowsy air,
And wilted lilies fainting in her hair,
Fragile as they are rare;—
And sweet September, sunny-eyed and fair,
Grown serious unaware—

And bright October, with her golden locks,
And fruits, and ripened shocks,
With mellow days of slumberous softness born,
And sheaves and yellow corn.

November, with a frown,
Shakes the few lingering leaves in anger down,
And scathes, with deadly blight,
The few imperfect blooms which brave her might,
And dare to seek the light.

Then kind December's hand
Spreads her white mantle o'er the naked land,
And covers from our eyes
The sorrowful scenes of Winter's victories.

Thus glides in misty light and shadow by,
Dimly and silently,
The Vision of the Months;—they fade and pass,
And as the last one melts away from sight,
Loudly and startlingly
The bell's strange, sudden clang assails the night,
And heavy, slow and clear,
Tolls for the parting soul of the dead Year;—
We can but say—Alas!

The scared echoes faint and are silent;
The darkness is lonesome and drear—
And the air seems to wait and to listen,
As though some strange presence were near,
While I throw up the window and hearken
Amid the deep stillness to hear
The first uttered word of the Year—
The voice of the timid New Year!

And far in the brightening distance,
I hear the first notes of a song,
Now faint, and uncertain and fitful,
Now swelling triumphant and strong.
In strains which the wide-awake echoes
Take up, and repeat and prolong—
A cheerful and jubilant song!

"The night is old;—see, in her locks
The streaks of gray appear!
Come, let us wake the tardy seer
With songs of joyful cheer,
And welcome, with a greeting warm,
The young and bashful year!

"Open the doors of every heart,
Fling up their windows wide,
And let the sunrise enter in:—
Toss every care aside,
Since Father Time, though gray and old,
Has won another bride!

"Hail to the whilome widower!
Long may his gray beard wave!
He lays his old love in the dust
With heart unriven and brave,
And brings his new bride, gay and young,
To dance upon her grave!

"Oh, Father Time makes matters serve
A double purpose well!
The same loud peal that seems to be
His dead love's parting knell
Is, by a queer coincidence,
His joyous marriage bell!

"Poor Fifty-nine! her slighted worth
Shall ornament our rhyme—
Her hands have brought us blessings rare—
Her deeds have been sublime—
She did her duty faithfully,
While she kept house for Time!

"Full many wondrous sounds she's heard,
And wondrous sights has seen—
And from life's varied wilderness
Has taught our hearts to glean
Stern truths and sad experiences,
With merrier ones between.

"And now with wisdom and with age,
As with a crown, endowed,
She wraps her rich experience
About her for a shroud,
And passes from our vision, like
A shadow or a cloud.

"Now may the noble purposes,
The hopes and wishes dear,
The children she has fed and clothed
In mother-love sincere,
Be favored by their step-mother,
The young and giddy Year!

"Good-morning! may the Year whose voice
Now greets our welcoming ears,
Bring joy and plenty to our homes,
Leaving no place for tears,
And prove itself, to each and all,
The happiest of New Years!"

Wit and Humor.

An Abominable Story.—Mr. Phibbe is an excessively fastidious man; so much so is Phibbs that he doesn't even take his oysters promiscuously about town.

"For, d'ye see, my boy," says Phibbs, "there's no calculating on these promiscuous oysters; they may be a manufactured article."

With this always in sight, Phibbs goes to Delmonico's.

"Half a dozen raw on a plate."

He notices, just as he has downed his number one, that a corpulent Dutchman stood beside him, sorrowfully surveying a single oyster on the plate before him. The moment that Phibbs swallowed his first, the expression of the Dutchman's face changed from sorrow to joy.

"Ah, mein Gott, you schwallow him whole! Eh!" says Meinherr.

"Of course," says Phibbs.

"And you can schwallow him whole, too?" pointing with his fork to the lone oyster that lay on the plate before him.

"Certainly I can," says Phibbs, and, suiting the action to the word, the oyster was on his fork, and in a moment "schwallowed."

"Oh, mein Gott! dat is wonderful! wonder-ful! I never did see! I have try to schwallow him two, tree time—every time I spit him back."

Phibbs has been quite unwell ever since.

The Courting of a Sharp Man of Business.—Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a man of business tact, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade, he always gets the lowest cash price; and he says: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately Pitts said to himself: "I am gettin' rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested, and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially, and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded:

"Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

A CONFIRMED TOPER.

The following scene is taken from real life, having occurred at North Cambridge, at the hotel occupied by Old Zach Porter:—

Joe, the man of all work about the hotel, was fond of good liquor, or, indeed, liquor of any kind; and, being generally short of funds, was in the habit of seizing on all remnants of liquor left by practitioners at the bar. Thus matters progressed for some years, keeping Joe pretty well soaked, when Porter, having occasion to make a mixture for curing a diseased hoof, had need of some nitric acid, or aquafortis, that article being one of the ingredients of the lotion. Taking a common bar tumbler, and pouring a sufficient quantity of acid into it, he went out, leaving the tumbler on the counter, and a drover the sole occupant of the bar-room. He had no sooner passed the door than in came Joe, and seeing, as he thought, a tumbler, as usual, with some liquor too good to be wasted, immediately looked through the bottom, "as was the usual custom," and quickly *threw himself outside* of said liquor. He then went to chopping wood, smacking his lips at the unusual strength of the spirit.

Shortly after, Old Zach coming in, picked up the tumbler to go on with his medical preparation, but was very much surprised on finding it empty. Inquiring of the traveller, he was informed that a short, chunky man (describing Joe) had drank it. With an exclamation of surprise, and consternation depicted on his countenance, he rushed out of the room in search of Joe, expecting to find his dead body not many yards off. He passed around the house, and in the back yard found Joe doing extra execution on the logs, working as he generally did when he had on an extra amount of steam. After getting over his astonishment, this conversation ensued:

Old Zach—"Joe, did you drink that stuff on the counter?"

Joe—"Why—yeas—I thought it hadn't ought to be wasted, you know. All right, I 'spose!"

Zach—"I don't know. How do you like it; how do you feel after it?"

Joe—"Feel? I feel fust-rate—livaly as a cricket."

Zach—"Well, Joe, but haven't you noticed anything out of the way—nothing wrong about you?"

Joe—"Anything wrong? Well, no, not much; fust-rate liquor; takes good hold; goes further than common. There is only one thing queer about it which I can't get the hang of, (here he drew his shirt-sleeve under his nose,) *whenever I wipe my mouth I burn a hole in my shirt*?"

Diamond Cut Diamond.—"I can make a pie with any cook in the country," said a joker to a confectioner, who was sweet on his own abilities.

"You can't make one with me," said the man of paste, "for a pound."

"That's a bet," replied the other.

The money was staked.

"Now," said the wit, "I claim the wager."

"*How's that?*" quoth pasty, to which the other responded—

"I said I could make a pie with any cook in the country, but I did not say I could make it without such assistance. Now, I bet I'd make a pie with you, and you can't doubt but that I could make it with your help, and therefore you are beaten."

"Fairly caged," said a bystander, and the laugh was against the cook. As soon as it subsided, the confectioner said—

"I win this wager. This man bet me that he could make a pie with me; now, I won't make a pie with him. Hence, the wager is mine."

The laugh was now on the other side. It was a drawn game.

The Poet and the Butcher.—Col. Brackett, the butcher, is well known to the denizens of Watertown and Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a man who has made his pile, and although with sturdy independence he still drives his cart, as in days of yore, is entitled to some degree of consideration. And he receives it.

Among his numerous customers was James Russell Lowell, the poet. One morning the poet happened to be strolling beneath the giant trees that line the avenue of Elmwood, as his place is called, when the Colonel drove up in his cart. As the horse slackened his pace, the poet being in a cheery frame of mind, passed the customary salutation, "Good-morning, Colonel," to which our worthy friend replied. After a word or two by way of something to say, Mr. Lowell remarked, "How glorious the nights now are, Colonel. I think I never saw the moon shine so brilliantly as last night."

"Wa'll, yis, Mister Lowell," says the Colonel, "that are's so, an' no mistake. I was just remarkin' the same to Miss Brackett this morning. 'Miss Brackett,' says I, 'how very fine night now is!' says I, '*what a bully moon for slaughtering!*'"

Got More Than They Wanted.—The following is attributed to the celebrated Rowland Hill:—

"Two strangers passing the church in which he was preaching, entered, walked up the aisle, and finding no seat, stood for a while and listened to the sermon. Presently they turned to walk out. Before they reached the door, the preacher said: 'But I will tell you a story.' This arrested the strangers, and they paused, turned again, and listened.—'Once there was a man,' said the speaker, 'who said that if he had all the axes in the world made into one great axe, and all the trees in the world were made into one great tree, and he could wield the axe and cut down the tree, he would make it into one great whip to thrash those ungodly men who turn their backs upon the Gospel, and stop to hear a story.' The strangers thought they had heard enough to satisfy their curiosity, and resumed their walk in the street."

☞ The common opinion is, that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter *to let them slide*.

HOW STRANGE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we two
Shall be what all lovers become—
You, frigid and faithless—I cold and untrue—
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you—
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do—
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent, and worn through
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!
Ah, me,
How strange it will be.

How strange it will be when the witchery goes,
Which makes me seem lovely to-day;
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose*—
When every day serves some new fault to disclose—
When you find I've cold eyes, and an every-day nose,
And wonder you could for a moment suppose
I was out of the common-place way—
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, love—how strange, when we meet
With just a chill touch of the hand!
When my pulses no longer delightedly beat
At the thought of your coming, the sound of your feet—
When I watch not your going, far down the long street—
When your dear loving voice, now so thrillingly sweet,
Grows harsh in reproach or command—
Ah, me,—
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, when we willingly stay
Divided the weary day through!
Or, getting remotely apart as we may,
Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say,
Or coolly converse on the news of the day
In a wearisome, old married-folks sort of way!
I shrink from the picture—don't you?
Ah, me,—
How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and old,—
As so many others have done,—
If we let our love perish with hunger and cold—
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold—
If we choose to live wretched and die unconsoled,
'Twill be strangest of all things that ever were told
As happening under the sun!
Ah, me!—
How strange it *will* be!

—*Saturday Gazette.*

CLARA LAKE'S DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

III.

It was a brilliant day in August, far too brilliant, taken in conjunction with the heat, and the twelve o'clock train was preparing to leave Katterley. The platform was all in a bustle—a bustle that was not frequently experienced at that quiet little station—but since the previous evening, when a fearful accident had occurred not *far off, Katterley had been on its legs.* The train, the one about to proceed, had come in, and only three minutes being allowed for its stay, people who were going by it looked alive; a few had got out, a great many were getting in, for idlers had been flocking to the scene of the accident all the night and morning and would be flocking, until their curiosity was sated.

A porter held open the door of a first-class carriage, as a party hastened on to the platform; two gentlemen, three ladies, and a maid-servant. The porter evidently knew them well, and touched his cap.

"Johnson," said one of the gentlemen to him, "let us have it to ourselves if you can; don't crowd us up."

"Very well, sir," replied the man; "I dare say I shan't want to put anybody else in."

"But now whereabouts *is* this carriage?" called out one of the ladies, in a hasty and rather shrieking voice, as she looked to the right and left, "because, if it's not just in the middle, I won't get in. I'll never put myself towards either end of a train again as long as I live."

"Step in, step in, Mary Anne," cried the same gentleman who had previously spoken, "you are all right."

"Make haste, miss," added the porter. "The time's up."

"*Of* course it's up," repeated the young lady, "and I wonder it wasn't up before we reached it. This comes of putting off things till the last moment. I told you all the clocks were slow, and we should be late. If their's one thing I hate more than another, it's the being obliged to rush up and catch a train at the last moment! No time to choose your carriage; no time to see or do anything; they may put you in the guard's van if they please, and you never know it till you are off. I dare say we have come without our tickets now; do you know, Oliver?"

In reply, Oliver Jupp held up the six bits of cardboard for his sister's satisfaction, and the party settled themselves in their seats.

"Why, Elizabeth, I declare I never saw you!" exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp to the maid-servant.

"Didn't you, miss. I walked right behind you from our house."

"I thought it better to bring Elizabeth," interposed her mistress, Mrs. Lake, who was looking that morning unusually young and lovely. "Mrs. Chester's servants will be glad of help with so many of us to wait upon."

"Mrs. Chester is the best manager in a house that I ever met with," exclaimed Margaret Jupp. "Fancy, only two servants, and one of those you may almost call a nurse, for the children require plenty of attending to, and yet things seem to go on smoothly. I can't think how she contrives it."

"Trust my sister for 'contriving' things," struck in Frederick Lake, with a half-smile at his wife opposite to him.

"I hear you had a pleasant day there yesterday," Mrs. Lake said to Oliver Jupp.

"We wanted you and Lake to complete it. It was too bad, Mrs. Lake, to shuffle out after having promised to go. There was an uncommon nice girl spending the day there. She's to be there again to-day, I fancy."

"Who was that?" inquired Mr. Lake, briskly, who had rather a propensity for liking "nice girls," although he was a married man.

"Don't know who she was, or anything about her," replied Oliver. "Your sister called her Lydia, and I did the same."

"It was a Miss Clapperton," interrupted Margaret Jupp. "Louisa was telling me about her this morning; she took an immense fancy to her."

"Oh, I know," cried Frederick Lake; "They live in Guild, the Clappertons, and Penelope has got intimate with them. You shan't pick out nice girls for me, Oliver, if you call her one. I saw her once; a young Gorgon in spectacles, with prominent eyes."

"That's Nancy Clapperton, the near-sighted one," corrected Mary Anne Jupp, who was one of those ladies who always know everything. "It was her sister who was there yesterday, a delightful girl, Lony and Rose both say."

"I hope she'll be there to-day, then," laughed Mr. Lake.

"She is to be there, but don't you and Oliver quarrel over her; he monopolised her yesterday, I hear."

"We'll go snacks," said Frederick Lake, "or else draw lots. When does the old Indian begum make her entry?"

"For shame, Mr. Lake! you do turn everything and everybody into ridicule," exclaimed Margaret. "I'm sure I think she'll be a delightful acquisition; so pleasant for your sister."

"Well, when does she come? Nobody says she won't be an acquisition—for those who can stand begums. I knew one once, and she was awful. She had gold teeth."

Margaret Jupp turned to Clara.

"Why don't you keep your husband in better order? He is incorrigible."

"I fear he is," she smiled.

"Very strange!" uttered Frederick Lake. "I can't get an answer to my question; I think it's somebody else that's incorrigible. When—does—the—begum—arrive? I hope that's plain enough."

Margaret laughed.

"I'm not in the begum's confidence; or in Mrs. Chester's either. How should I know?"

"Mrs. Chester was talking of her yesterday," interrupted Oliver Jupp. "She is not sure which day she comes; the middle of the week, she thinks."

They were approaching the scene of the accident, and soon the train arrived at Coombe Dalton, and came to a stand-still. "I thought we did not stop here," exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp.

"Every train has stopped here, I expect, since last night," observed her brother, "bringing doctors, and friends of the wounded."

A porter came up the platform, calling out, in his stentorian but unintelligible lingo,

"Coombe Dal—ton; Coombe Dal—ton," and a sudden thought took Mary Anne.

"I do wish we could take a peep at the scene," she exclaimed, "the place where the *accident occurred. I wonder if we should have* time. Does anybody know how long the train stops here? Elizabeth, lean out at the window, and ask the man."

Elizabeth, who sat by herself at that window, they all being close to the other, leaned out, and caught the man just as he had passed.

"Here, master," cried she, "how long do we stop here, please?"

"Ten minutes," replied the man.

At least, Elizabeth thought that was the answer, and she drew in her head and shoulders and sat down.

"Ten minutes, miss," he says.

"Oh, then there's lots of time," returned Mary Anne, eagerly rising; and her sister and Mrs. Lake as eagerly followed her example, for the scene of a frightful accident does bear its charms for the public eye. The two gentlemen had seen it the previous night, had spent some hours on it, but they prepared to accompany them. They descended from the carriage, all but Elizabeth; of course, as she was not bade to do so, she remained where she was.

The accident had taken place just outside the station. Retracing their way, a couple of minutes' walk brought them to it, and Oliver, who had been in the unfortunate train, was proceeding to explain details, when a loud shriek was heard, and off puffed the train, theirs.

A blank look of consternation seized upon their faces. That it had *gone*, not to puff back again, was evident by the rate of speed. The ladies were alarmed, the gentlemen inclined to laugh.

"Well, you have gone and done it, by bringing us out here!" exclaimed Mr. Lake. And Mary Anne Jupp, impulsive and hasty, flew back, calling out and shouting—as though she thought she could arrest the carriages.

"What made you tell us the train stopped here ten minutes?" she began, seizing hold of the porter to whom Elizabeth had spoken, while the rest of her party followed her up.

"Ten minutes! I never said it stopped here ten minutes," answered the man, taken aback.

"You did. A young woman leaned out of a first-class carriage and asked you."

"Oh, she," returned he. "I told her two minutes. What has it got to do at this station, that it should stop ten?"

Elizabeth's ears must have mistaken the word two for ten; there was no doubt of it. But what was to be done?

"When will another train come by, that will take us on to Guild?" inquired Oliver Jupp.

"Ten minutes before three, sir."

And it was now a quarter past twelve.

"Well, that's pleasant," added Oliver.

He was interrupted by a hearty laugh from Mr. Lake, which seemed to proclaim that to him it *was* pleasant, and they turned to him half in anger.

"I am thinking of Elizabeth's consternation," cried he; "we have got her ticket. Suppose she has no money in her pocket; they will be for taking her up, at Guild."

Of course there was plenty of time to examine now the scene of the accident, and they were not the only spectators. On the actual spot itself, there was nothing to be seen, for the line had been cleared to allow of the progress of trains—their own, with themselves, had just passed over it; but, drawn beyond the line on either side, were marks enough; the battered engine, the debris of the carriages; there had not been leisure yet to clear it away.

"There was a truck upon the line," said Oliver Jupp. "In shunting some trucks on to the down line, one of them broke down, and could not be got off it before our train came up. The engine ran into it, and—we were done for."

"But how dreadfully careless of the people at the station to allow your engine to run into it," replied Margaret. "They ought to have signalled your train to stop."

"They did signal it," interrupted a strange voice at her elbow, and Margaret turned to see the station-master, who was known to her brother and Mr. Lake. "The red lights were exhibited at the station, and a switchman waved the red signal light up and down, all to no purpose. You observe that post," he added, pointing to an iron post, or pillar close to them, for he perceived she looked as if she scarcely understood him; "that is the night signal-post. When the line is clear, a green light is exhibited there, as a notice that the trains may pass; but, when it is not clear, a red light is substituted, and no train must proceed when a red light is there. Not only was the red light there last night, but the switchman, alarmed at the train's coming on so quickly, seized it, and waved it to enforce attention; but the driver took no notice, and went dashing on to destruction."

"Was he killed?" inquired a bystander.

"No. And his escape is next door to a miracle," was the reply. "He was flung from the engine, and lay motionless, and was carried off for dead, but it appears he was only stunned, and is nearly well this morning. He'll have to stand his trial, of course, and a good thing for him if they don't bring it in Wilful Murder—for that's what some of these careless engine-drivers will come to, one day."

"He had taken something that obscured his vision probably," remarked Mr. Lake.

"I think not," returned the station-master; "he's a sober man. No; it is carelessness; they go driving on, never looking at the signals. It is not once in many weeks, perhaps, that the danger signal is exhibited; they get accustomed to see the other, and it becomes to them so much a matter of course that it must be there, that they forget to look at it. That is my opinion; and I see no other way of accounting for it."

He turned back to the station as he spoke, and a gentleman, who had drawn near while he was speaking, held out his hand to greet the Lakes and the Jupps. It was Colonel West, an acquaintance who resided at Coombe Dalton.

"Oh, colonel," exclaimed one of the young ladies, "what a shocking accident this has been."

"Ay, it has. Seven picked up dead, and *four more gone this morning, besides legs and arms and backs broken. It is awful to think of.*"

"And all from one man's recklessness!" added Mr. Lake, with more severity, more feeling than he generally suffered himself to display. "As the station-master says, they won't give over, till some of them are convicted of wilful murder. I hope the man who drove the train last night will get his deserts."

They were strolling away from the spot, the colonel, Mr. and Mrs. Lake, and the Miss Jupps; Oliver had gone back with the station-master. The colonel, who was a keen, sensible man of fifty, turned and faced Mr. Lake, and stood still; the others stood still likewise.

"Let the disabuse you, at any rate. I hear they are putting the blame upon the driver, but he does not deserve it, and they must be doing it to screen themselves. I know nothing of the man, and never saw him in my life till this morning, but I shall stand between him and injustice."

"In what way? what do you mean?" Mr. Lake inquired.

"They say that they exhibited the danger signal, red, and that he dashed on, regardless of it," continued Colonel West. "I went to the inn this morning where some of the wounded are lying, and there I found the driver—as they told me he was—on a mattress on the floor. 'How did this happen?' I said to him. 'I don't know how it happened, sir,' he replied, 'but I'll declare that there was no red signal up to stop me, as they say; the green light was up, as usual.' That was the first I had heard about the red light," continued the colonel, "but I find the man's words are true, and that the whole blame is laid to him. Now, it happens that I was in my garden last night, when the smash came, just over on the other side of the line, and I can bear the man out—that it was the green light up, not the red."

"Shameful!" uttered Frederick Lake, rising against the injustice. "I hope, colonel, you will stand by the man."

"You may be sure of that. I'd transport a reckless driver for life, if I could, but I would never see an innocent man falsely accused."

Having nothing to do with themselves, they strolled into the village, such as it was, the colonel with them. At the door of the small inn, whose floors had been put into requisition the previous night, on the green bench running under the windows, sat the driver of the engine, his head tied up with a white cloth, and his arm in a sling.

"Why, Cooper!" uttered Mr. Lake, in much surprise, "was it you who drove the engine!"

He knew the man well; a young man he was, and a native of Katterley, of very humble station, but most respectable in conduct, and of good natural intelligence. Not above a month had he been promoted to be an engine-driver; before that he was a stoker.

"Yes, sir, it was me," he replied, standing up to answer, but sinking down again from giddiness. "And I can only say I wish it had been somebody else, if they are going to persist in accusing me of causing the accident wilfully."

"I need not have speculated on whether the driver was overcome by strong liquor, had I known who it was," said Mr. Lake.

"He tells me he never drinks," interposed Colonel West.

"Never, sir," said Cooper. "Water, and tea and coffee, and those sort of things, but nothing stronger. I had a brother, sir, who drank himself to death before he was twenty, and it was a warning for me. This gentleman and these ladies knew him."

Mr. Lake nodded acquiescence.

"So they say the red light was up, do they, Cooper, and you would not see it?"

"I hear they are saying so at the station, sir; but it's very wrong. There was no other light up but the one that's generally up, the green. Should I have gone steaming on, risking death to myself and my passengers, if the danger light had been up? No, sir, it's not likely."

"Did you look at the signal light?" inquired Mary Anne Jupp. "Perhaps you—you *might*, you know, Cooper, have passed it without looking."

"I did look up, Miss, and I couldn't be off seeing it last night, if I had wanted, for it was being swung about like anything. 'What's up now,' I said to myself, 'that they are swaying the lamp about like that!' and I thought whoever it was doing it, must have had a drop too much."

"But don't you think you might have suspected danger?" questioned Mr. Lake.

"No, sir, not from the green lamp. If they had wanted to warn me of that, they should have swung the red. Any way, I'd rather have given my own life, than it should have happened when I was driver."

Killing the time in the best way they could, they got back to the station a few minutes before the train was expected. The accident was the topic of conversation there.

"I have seen the driver," remarked Mr. Lake; "I know him well, a sober, steady man. He says the red signal was not exhibited; that it was the green."

"Oh, he does, does he," returned the station-master. "He had better prove it. Of course, when they are at their wits' end for an excuse, they invent anything, probable or improbable."

"Cooper is not a man to invent. I am sure he is truthful."

"Let him wait till the inquest," was the significant reply.

The train came in, Oliver made his appearance from somewhere, and they were taken on to Guild. There they found Elizabeth; she *had* no money in her pocket, and was sitting waiting for them, like Patience on a monument, unable to leave the station. There was a good deal of laughter, and they proceeded to Mrs. Chester's, ten minutes' walk. That lady came to the door to receive them, very cross.

"You disagreeable, tiresome things, what in the world brings you here at this time? You knew we were to have dined at three o'clock, and taken dessert and tea upon the lawn. I have been obliged to order the dinner put back."

"It was the train's fault," answered Mr. Lake. "it deposited us half-way, and left us."

"*Of* course, you must put in your nonsense, Fred, or it wouldn't be you," retorted Mrs. Chester. "Come along with me, girls, and take your things off. Dinner will be on the table in twenty minutes."

"Here, Penelope, wait a moment," cried her brother, drawing her back as she was approaching the staircase, "is Lydia Clapperton here to-day?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Where is she?"

"In the garden, I think; or else with the children. What do you want with her?"

"Only to get the start of Oliver; he has stopped in the village to lay in cigars, or something of the sort," laughed Mr. Lake, as he turned back to the garden. "He says she's a nice girl."

Guild Farm—as the place was called, having been a farm in days gone by—was a pleasant spot, the house good, and standing in the midst of an excellent garden. It was let cheaply, for the farmer who rented the land had another house, and did not want it. Frederick Lake went peering about in search of Lydia Clapperton, down shrubberies, behind trees. At last he came to a summer-house, and through the entrance he discerned a young lady sitting.

"There she is!" he exclaimed.

She looked four or five-and-twenty, but her dress would make her look young. A rich black silk dress, with a low body and short sleeves, edged by a ruche of white crape, a jet chain on her neck, and jet bracelets. She had very decided features, inclining to the aquiline, and thin, compressed lips; her eyes, by many, would have been called beautiful; they were intensely black, and had a somewhat bold expression. Her hair *was* beautiful—a smooth, purple black, very luxuriant, and worn in a profusion of braids or plats.

"A fine girl," thought Mr. Lake.

"There she is!" he exclaimed aloud, in his free and somewhat saucy manner—a manner that women like—as he entered and unceremoniously held out his hand.

She rose, dropped some fancy work, netting, that she was busy upon, and put out hers, as if surprised into the movement. Mr. Lake took it, and she looked up at him; a gay, fascinating man, gentlemanly in the midst of his freedom.

"I told Mrs. Chester I should come and find you. I have had the pleasure of seeing your sister, so we need not wait for an introduction. We have kept her waiting pretty well, to-day, have we not?"

"She has been wondering over the non-arrival of her friends," replied the young lady, as she resumed her netting.

"And fuming over it, too," laughed Mr. Lake. "We had an adventure, and the train left us midway. Delaying your dinner-hour is the worst."

"Oh, that is nothing. I am glad you have come at last. I think nothing is more pleasant than a country-house filled with visitors."

"When they can do as they like," added Mr. Lake. "We are to remain till Wednesday, I believe, and must make the most of it. I hope you will stay also. After that, there'll be no fun in coming; there'll be a restraint."

The young lady paused in her netting and lifted her eyes.

"What restraint?" she said, after a pause.

"Mrs. Chester has sold her liberty to an old Indian begum. Haven't you heard of it? She is coming here to take possession, and we must all be upon our good behaviour before her. No fun to go on then."

"An Indian begum!" uttered the young lady staring at him.

"Nothing less formidable, I assure you. She is expected to make the journey from town on an elephant. I shall draw a sketch of her, after dinner, for private circulation; shawls, fans, woolly hair, and propriety. She's an old widow, relict of Sir George Ellis: we must not so much as speak before her."

The young lady laughed.

"Mrs. Chester has laid down rules for our conduct," he went on, rattling. "The last time I was here, she saw me snatch a kiss from a pretty girl, and last week she came over to my house to lecture me, and inquired what I supposed my Lady Ellis would think of such conduct. You have no conception what a nightmare this old begum is to me."

"Really I don't wonder. Shawls, fans, woolly hair, and an elephant? Old and ugly—did you say ugly?"

"As if a begum could be anything else! Not that her ugliness or beauty could affect me; but her interfering with the liberty of a fellow—that does it."

"But—according to your version—it is Mrs. Chester who seems to be interfering; not the begum."

"Oh, it's all the same; excepting that, for Mrs. Chester we should not care, and for the begum, I suppose, we must. I did think of getting a few days' fishing here, this hot weather, but it's over now. I shall never stand that begum—twirling one's thumbs before her, and speaking in measured monosyllables."

The young lady bent over her netting; she had made a long stitch.

"Mrs. Chester seems to wish to keep you in order," she remarked, without looking up.

"She just does; we listen to her pretty dutifully, and when her back's turned, have a good laugh over it. Allow me to try and get that knot undone for you; it is giving you trouble."

She answered gaily,

"Why, what do you know about netting?"

"A great deal. I netted a boy's fishing-net once. Those long stitches are the very plague."

"A fishing-net!" she laughed. "Well, perhaps you did; but what do you think you could do to this fine silk; you, with your man's fingers?"

"I can try, so as to save the trouble to you."

He bent down as he spoke, and attempted gently to draw the work from her; she kept it tight. It really looked as though they had no objection, either of them, to lapse into a flirtation, when, at that moment, voices were heard, and Mr. Lake looked up. Passing from the shrubbery, on to the lawn, was Oliver Jupp, with a young lady by his side. She turned her head and stood, calling out to Mrs. Chester's children behind, so that Mr. Lake had a view of her face.

"Who the deuce has he picked up now?—what a pretty girl!" thought he. "Do you know who that is?" he cried out to his companion, "the young lady with Oliver Jupp?"

She took her netting off her foot, and advanced to look out at the door.

"It is a Miss—Miss—what was the name? Mrs. Chester introduced her—Lydia something—Lydia Clapperton, I think."

He stared in surprise.

"*That* Lydia Clapperton! Why, then, who are you?"

"I? Oh, I am the Indian begum. But I didn't come on an elephant."

His pulses stood still for a moment. But he thought she was playing a joke upon him.

"You are not—you cannot be—Lady Ellis!"

"I am, indeed. The old relict of Colonel Sir George Ellis, K. C. B."

Never in all his life had Frederick Lake been so taken to, never had he felt more thoroughly confused and ashamed. The hot crimson mounted to his temples.

"I humbly beg your pardon, Lady Ellis," he said, standing before her, as shame-faced as any convicted schoolboy. "I cannot expect you to accord it to me, but I most sincerely beg it."

"I think I must give it you," she answered, in a pretty, tantalizing manner. "Your offence was not against *me*, but against some fabled monster of your imagination. You shall sketch her still, after dinner."

He held out his hand with hesitation.

"Will you seal your pardon? and will you promise to forget as well as to forgive? I shall never forget, or forgive myself."

She frankly put her hand into his.

"I have forgiven; I will promise to forget; but then, you know, you must not convert me into a nightmare."

"You a nightmare!" he impulsively returned. "If you are, it will be one of a different sort," he gallantly added, as he placed her hand within his arm to conduct her to the house. "What did you think of me? Did you take me for a wild animal just arrived from the savage islands?"

"No," said Lady Ellis, "that is what you took the begum for. I found you were under a mistake as soon as you spoke of my sister; I have no sister. I only got here an hour ago, in time to dress for dinner. I have been staying at Cheltenham for two days. But what about your intention of fishing here? I am sorry that I should frustrate it."

He bit his lip; he could not conceal his annoyance.

"I thought you promised to forget," he softly whispered.

He left her down stairs and ran up to his wife, who was alone in the chamber assigned to them.

"Frederick, how hot you look!" she exclaimed, as he entered; "your cheeks are crimson."

"My brain is crimson also, I think," he replied, bending, his blue eyes upon her. "What do you think?—Lady Ellis is here."

"Mrs. Chester told us so. She had a note from her this morning, and she herself arrived at two o'clock."

"Clary, I called her the begum to her face!"

"Frederick!"

"I don't know what else I didn't call her; old and ugly, and a nightmare; and said she was coming on an elephant. I took her for that Lydia Clapperton."

Mrs. Lake's face turned as red as her husband's had done in the summer-house; she was of a refined, deeply-sensitive temperament, ever considerate of the feelings of others.

"What apology can you possibly offer? How can you make your peace?"

"I have made it already. She seems good-natured, and saw the thing as it was—a misapprehension altogether. I'd rather have given a hundred pounds, though, than it should have happened. Why couldn't Penelope open her mouth and tell me she was come, and in the garden?"

He was splashing away at the water, having turned up his cuffs and his wristbands to wash his hands, evidently not on very good terms with himself. His wife stood in silence, and when he had finished, watched him brush his hair. Then they were ready to go down.

"Clara."

"What!" she asked, turning round to him.

"Don't speak of this to any one, my darling. It really has annoyed me. I do not suppose she will."

"Of course I will not." And he bent his hot face over his wife's and kissed it.

In the corridor they encountered Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp, and all descended together. Mrs. Chester had momentarily disappeared, looking after her household matters, and the Miss Jupps and Lady Ellis grew talkative instantly, recalling old scenes of their childhood, when they had used to meet. It therefore happened that Mrs. Lake never was introduced, and Lady Ellis wondered who she was; they all seemed to call her "Clara," during dinner.

A table with fruit and wine was set out on the lawn, but they did not seem inclined to sit round it, rather dispersing into couples or groups, flitting about amidst the walks and flowers. Oliver Jupp appropriated Lydia Clapperton, and Mr. Lake appeared perfectly resigned that it should be so. For himself, he was everywhere; now with Mary Anne Jupp, now with his wife, now with Lady Ellis; mostly with the latter, who did not by any means object to the companionship. In short, it was a delightful, unceremonious, laisser-aller sort of assembly, with Mrs. Chester seated, in her weeds, to play propriety, whilst her children made themselves as troublesome as they liked.

"Who is that young lady?" abruptly exclaimed Lady Ellis to Frederick Lake, pointing towards the desert-table. "They call her 'Clara.'"

He looked surprised, and then smiled.

"Don't you know?"

"I don't know who she is. I know that she is one of the very boldest girls I ever saw."

She looked astonished, uttered he, in marked astonishment, while a flush darkened his cheek. "You are mistaken, Lady Ellis."

"Bold; and unseemly bold," repeated she. "I speak of that young lady who is now sitting by Mrs. Chester. You called her 'Clara,' at dinner."

"I understand of whom you speak. But why do you call her bold?"

She was silent for a moment, and then lifted her head.

"When we have lived in India, have travelled—in short, have rubbed off the reserve and rusticity, which experience of the world only can effect, we like to speak out our opinion, and call things by their right names. A few minutes ago you were with her in that walk, talking to her; she held your arm, and she suddenly clasped her other hand over it, and kept it there, turning her face up to yours with what looked very like ardent admiration. It struck me as being—not—not—seemly."

He coughed down a laugh.

"She has a legal right to look in my face, and with ardent admiration too, if she likes; and you may believe me, when I assert that from her you will never witness aught unseemly. She is my wife."

"Your wife!" almost screamed Lady Ellis, taken utterly by surprise.

"My own wife." His saucy blue eyes gazed into those amazed black ones, enjoying their confusion with an exceedingly saucy expression. Lady Ellis burst into a laugh.

"Well, I suppose I must beg your pardon now. We all seem to be letting ourselves in for mistakes and blunders. I thought she was a young girl, and I did not know you were married."

"She does look young," he answered, his eyes following his wife's figure, as she moved away with Mrs. Chester.

Clara had gone to look at what Mrs. Chester called the domestic arrangements, which in reality meant the kitchens and lower part of the house. Mary Anne Jupp went with them, and Mrs. Chester took them in at the back door; a yard or two up the passage, they turned into the kitchen. It was a large room, convenient, they could see, at the first glance.

"Why, it is like print!" uttered Mary Anne, in her hasty manner; "not a speck of dirt about it, everything in place! How ever have they got it in this order, so soon after dinner?"

"This is the best kitchen," explained Mrs. Chester; "they cook in the other. Don't you see that there's no fire? We shall use this in winter, but while the weather is so hot, I like the cooking done as far from the sitting-rooms as possible. Come and look at the other; it is in the yard!"

They went out of the room, but Clara did not. She stood, more like one in a trance, a maze, than a living, breathing woman. She glanced here, she glanced there; at the doors, the large window, the fireplace; at the furniture and position of everything. When Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne came back, she had not stirred; her cheek was pale, her hands were clasped, she looked very like a statue. Mrs. Chester began explaining where the sere-

ral doors led to; one down to the cellar, one to the coal-house, one to the dairy, and one to a china closet; four in all, beside the entrance door. Then they turned to leave.

"Are you coming, Clara?"

"Directly," she replied. "Mary Anne, I wish you would send Frederick here when you go back; I want to speak to him."

Mary Anne delivered her message. Mr. Lake was then seated at the table, peeling a pear for Lady Ellis. He went towards the house when he had given it her, just as Mrs. Chester ran, in dire wrath, after her mischievous young son, who was climbing up a tree, to the detriment of his trowsers.

"I had no idea, till just now, that Mr. Lake was a married man," observed Lady Ellis to Mary Anne, as she leisurely ate her pear.

"No! Then who did you suppose Mrs. Lake was?"

"I did not suppose anything about it; I did not know she was Mrs. Lake. Have they been married long?"

"About three years."

"Any children?"

"There was one. A beautiful little child; but it died. Do you not think her very lovely! It is a sweet face!"

Lady Ellis shrugged her shoulders. "She has no style. And she seems as much wrapt up in her husband as though they had been married yesterday."

"Why should she not be?" bluntly asked Mary Anne. "I only hope when I am married—if ever that's to be—that I and my husband shall be as happy and united as they are."

"As she is," spoke Lady Ellis. "I would not answer for him."

Mary Anne Jupp felt cross. She believed that somebody had been whispering tales about Mr. Lake's nonsensical flirtation with her sister Rose; and pure nonsense, on both sides, she knew that to be. "Frederick Lake is one of those men who cannot live without flirtation," she observed, "who admire every woman they meet, and take care to let them know it: his wife can afford to laugh at it, knowing that his *love* is exclusively hers."

Lady Ellis drew down the corners of her mouth, and coughed a little cough of disbelief, for which Mary Anne Jupp, upright and high-principled, could have scolded her for an hour. "A woman hazards more than she bargains for, when she ties herself, for better or for worse, to one of these attractive men: but of course she must put up with the consequences."

"What consequences?" exclaimed Mary Anne, feeling herself puzzled by the speech altogether.

"The seeing herself a neglected wife: the seeing others preferred before her, as she must inevitably do, when her own short reign is over."

"Had you to experience that?" sharply asked Mary Anne, intending the question to sting her.

"I!" equably returned Lady Ellis. "My husband had nothing attractive about him, and was as old as Adam. I spoke of the wives of attractive men: others may humdrum on to their graves, and be at peace."

What Mary Anne Jupp may have thought fit to answer in reproval cannot be recorded, for her sister Margaret and *Mrs. Chester* came up and interrupted them. Margaret proclaimed that Mrs. Chester was about to take her on the expedition from which Mary Anne had returned—that of seeing the kitchens and other offices.

"I suppose I may not ask to be of the party," cried Lady Ellis, starting up, and looking at Mrs. Chester.

"Certainly you may. Why not?"

They proceeded leisurely across the lawn and round the side of the house towards the back entrance. Meanwhile, Mr. Lake had gone in search of his wife, in obedience to her summons, and found her in the large kitchen. "Did you want me, Clara?"

"Do come here," she whispered, in an awe-struck tone; and he advanced and stood beside her. She pointed out the several features of the room. "Do you see them? Do you remember?"

"I have not been in the kitchen before," was his answer, looking curiously at the room and then at her.

"It is the kitchen of my dream!"

"The what?" uttered Mr. Lake, inclined to fall into an irreverent laugh.

"It is, Frederick," she whispered, her voice sounding strangely hollow. "I described its features to you that night, and now you may see them. We—we are standing in the same position!" she burst forth more eagerly, as if the fact had but that moment occurred to her. "See! I was here, you on that side of me, as you are now; here was the small round dark table close to us; there is the large window, with the ironing-board underneath it; there, to the left, are the dresser and the shelves, and even the very plates and dishes upon them—"

"Of the precise willow pattern," put in Mr. Lake.

"There, behind us, is the fireplace; and around are the several doors, in the very self-same places that I saw them," she continued, too eager to notice or heed the mocking interruption. "I told you it looked like a farm-house kitchen, large and bleak: you may see that it does, now."

"I shall begin to think that you are dreaming still," he returned.

"I wish I was! I wish I had never seen in reality the kitchen of that dream. I did not at the first moment recognise it. When I came in with Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne, it struck me as being familiar, and I was just going to say to them, 'I must have been here before,' when my dream flashed upon me, like a chill; I felt awe-struck; sick; I feel so yet."

"This beats spirit-rapping," said Mr. Lake. "Let us lay hold of the table, and see whether it won't turn."

"Why will you turn it into mockery?" she resumed, her tone one of sharp pain. "Frederick, you know that dream seemed to foretell my death."

"I declare to goodness, Clara, you will make me angry!" was his retort, in a changed voice. "What has come over you these last few days?"

"That dream has come over me," she replied, with a shiver. "I thought it was done with; done with by the accident of last night; and now the sight of this kitchen has renewed it in all its horror. If you could, only for one minute, feel as I am feeling, you would not wonder at me."

Her state of mind appeared to him most unaccountable; not foolish, worse than foolish: and never in his life had he spoken so sharply to her as he spoke now.

"I should be sorry to feel it, even for a minute; I should be ashamed to do so: and I feel ashamed of you. What did you want with me?"

"To show you the kitchen. To tell you this."

He gave vent to an impatient word, and turned angrily to the door. She, her heart bursting, went forward to the window: just so had it been in the dream, just so had they seemed to part, he going to the door and she to the window, just so had been the sharp conviction of coming evil. Mr. Lake looked back at her; she had laid her head against the wall near the window: her hands drooped down; in her whole air there was an utter agony of abandonment. His tenderness returned to him, and he walked across the kitchen. As he drew her face from the wall he saw that it was white, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Clara," he exclaimed, as he sheltered it upon his own breast, "must I treat you and soothe you as I would a child?"

"No, treat me as your wife," she passionately answered, breaking into a storm of sobs.

He suffered her to sob for a few moments, till the paroxysm had spent itself, and then spoke; in a tone of remonstrance, it is true, but with deep tenderness.

"Is it possible that you can allow a foolish superstition, a dream, to cause this wild grief?"

"It is not the dream that is causing the *grief*. You are causing that: you never so spoke to me: when I said it might foretell my death, you turned my words into ridicule. It is as if you do not care whether I live or die."

"Clara, you know better. What can I do for you? How can I soothe you?"

"Do not speak to me in that tone again."

"My dearest, I will do anything you wish, in reason; you know I will; but you must not ask me to put faith in that dream. And if my voice sounded harsh—why, it would vex any man to find his wife so foolish."

"Well, well, it shall pass; I will not vex you with it again. If any ill does come, it must; and if not—"

"If not, you will acknowledge what a silly child you have been," he interrupted, holding her to him and kissing the tears from her face.

"Silly, and superstitious, if you will," she whispered, "but not a child. I think I am less a child at heart than many who are older. Frederick, if you could ever grow unkind to me, I should die."

"I never will, my darling."

Standing looking in at the chink of the door, having come softly along the passage matting, was Lady Ellis. What did she see? She saw his face bent down upon his wife's, and heard his kisses, all but heard his *sweet words*; heard quite enough to imagine them. An ugly look of envy, nearly of hate, rose to her pale features: he was what she had called him, an attractive man, he had that day paid her attentions, said sentimental nothings to her in a low voice; and there are some women who would fain keep such men to themselves, whether they may have wives or not; nay, their having a wife is only so much the greater inducement. Was Lady Ellis one?

The voices of Mrs. Chester and Margaret Jupp were approaching, and Lady Ellis pushed open the door.

Clara dried her eyes hastily.

"Come and walk in the open air," he whispered to her; "it will do you good."

And Lady Ellis watched them afterwards slowly pass the window, she leaning on his arm.

IV.

Assembled in the largest room that the small inn at Coombe Dalton would afford, were the coroner and his jury, inquiring into the cause of the railway accident which had been productive of so many deaths. The station-master, the "switchman," and one porter, all who had been at the station on the Sunday night, testified that the red lights were exhibited to give warning of danger, and that the driver, in reckless defiance of them, had gone dashing on, and so caused the catastrophe.

The driver, Cooper, who was permitted to give his testimony at his own desire, was cautioned that what he said might be used against him. It was to the effect that the usual light, the green, was exhibited, and not the red. The coroner knew him for a steady man, one who, to use the words of a witness, "wouldn't tell a lie to screen himself from nothing."

"Did you look at the lights?" inquired the coroner of Cooper.

"I looked at both, sir. The lamp that was at the end of the station, and the lamp on the signal-post beyond it."

"And you say they were the green lights?"

"That they were, sir. The same green lights that are always up. He had taken the light off the post, and was swaying it about, and I couldn't conceive what he was doing it for."

"But here are three witnesses, the station-master and the two men, who have sworn that the red signals were up, and not the green," persisted the coroner. "It is very strange that you should maintain the contrary."

"The three may be in a league together to say so, and hide their own negligence," interposed an audible voice from the most crowded part of the room. Upon which the coroner threatened to commit anybody so interrupting, for contempt of court.

"All I can say is, sir, that there was no difference, that night, in the lights, from those exhibited on other nights," concluded Cooper.—"They were the green lights, and not the red, and if I had to die next minute, I'd say it."

A gentleman presented himself for examination, and was sworn. Colonel West.

"In justice to the driver, I think it right to offer my testimony," he said, addressing the coroner and jury. "I am enabled to state that the light exhibitied on the signal-post, and which the man took down and swayed about, was green; when the driver asserts that it was not red, he speaks the truth."

"Were you at the station?" inquired the coroner of the witness.

"No; I was in my garden, which is precisely opposite the signal-post on the other side of the line. I was walking about in it, smoking a cigar. I heard the train approaching, and I saw the man take the lamp off the post, lean forward, and swing it about, evidently to attract attention. A minute after, the accident happened."

"And you say this was not the red light?"

"It was not. It was the light that is generally up, the green."

The coroner gave an expressive look at the station-master, which spoke volumes, and the latter looked red and indignant. There was some talking, some confusion, and when it subsided, Oliver Jupp was standing by the table. One of the jury inquired why he was put forward.

"I don't know," returned Oliver. "I happened to mention that I saw the light in question exhibited and swayed about; I suppose it is for that."

"Which light was it?" inquired the coroner, when he was sworn.

"The red."

There was a pause. Perhaps more than one present thought of the old fable of the chameleon.

"From whence did you see it?" asked the coroner.

"I was in the train. As we got to Coombe Dalton station I looked out at the window, and saw a red light being waved about. I remarked it to my sisters, who were in the carriage with me, and one of them observed that if it was the red light there must be danger. The accident occurred almost as she spoke."

"Are you sure it was the red light, sir?" inquired one of the jury, all of whom had been impressed with Colonel West's evidence.

"Certain."

"And of course he could have no motive in saying anything but the truth," remarked the juryman to another, in a louder tone than he thought for.

"I a motive!" haughtily returned Oliver, taking up the words. "I am put here to state simply what I saw, I expect; neither more nor less. I am sorry to give evidence that may tell against Cooper, who is respected in Katterley, but I am bound to say that it was the red light."

Colonel West was recalled, and further questioned. But he wavered not a jot; the light he saw swayed about was the green.

"Well," exclaimed the coroner, "there's hard swearing somewhere. It is impossible, at the present stage, to come to any satisfactory conclusion, and I think, gentlemen of the jury, we had better adjourn the inquiry, when perhaps further witnesses may be forthcoming."

And adjourned it was, accordingly.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ Mademoiselle Georges, the celebrated French *actress*, was starring in the provinces. One evening, after the fall of the curtain, the beaux assembled around to congratulate her. "Ah, gentlemen," said she, "to play that part well, one ought to be young and beautiful." "Oh, madame," answered one, the sharpest of the beaux, "you have proved the contrary."

☞ As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair—for one that we find real there are nine that are false!

☞ Those who have finished by making all others think with them have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves.—*Colton.*

☞ A scuffle between some Irish laborers took place on a bridge, and a battle royal ensuing, one of the Hibernians was very *sately* tumbled over the bridge. Whilst he was floundering in the water, he loudly exclaimed to his opponent, "Och, ye spalpeen, come and hit me *now*, if you dare!"

☞ Armies, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power, for the time being, are always the destroyers of it too, by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it.—*Chesterfield.*

☞ That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said—"Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

☞ The last laird of Macnab, before the clan finally broke up and emigrated to Canada, was a well-known character in the country, and, being poor, used to ride into Aberdeen on a most wretched horse, which gave occasion to many gibes at the laird's expense. A young wag, by way of playing him off, asked him, in a contemptuous tone, "Is that the same horse you had last year, laird?" "Na," said the laird, brandishing his whip in the interrogator's face in so emphatic a manner as to preclude further questions, "Na, but it's the same whup."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

☞ We smile with contemptuous indifference," a critic wrote in the British and Foreign Review, in 1839, "when a nephew of Napoleon prefers a claim to that crown which the highest military and political genius of modern history won and wore." Who smiles now?

☞ VERY 'CUTE.—When the Florentines were at war with Pisa, they were in a financial difficulty, and a citizen proposed, as a means of obtaining money, that, whereas the Florentines had hitherto levied custom duties at each of the eleven gates of their city, they should make eleven other gates, and thus double their receipts.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ A few weeks ago a baby was taken to church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during the rite. On the following Sunday, when the baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she intended to carry Willie to be christened? "Why, so," said the mother; "don't you know, my son, people are not baptised twice?" "What!" returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, "not if it *don't take* the first time?"

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We give the opening of the Message, which refers to the Slavery and Slave Trade questions, and a summary of the rest of the document:—

Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—

Our deep and heartfelt gratitude is due to that Almighty Power which has bestowed upon us such varied and numerous blessings throughout the past year. The general health of the country has been excellent; our harvests have been unusually plentiful, and prosperity smiles throughout the land. Indeed, notwithstanding our demerits, we have much reason to believe, from the past events in our history, that we have enjoyed the special protection of Divine Providence ever since our origin as a nation. We have been exposed to many threatening and alarming difficulties in our progress; but on each successive occasion the impending cloud has been dissipated at the moment it appeared ready to burst upon our head, and the danger to our institutions has passed away. May we ever be under the Divine guidance and protection!

Whilst it is the duty of the President "from time to time to give to Congress information of the State of the Union," I shall not refer in detail to the recent sad and bloody occurrences at Harper's Ferry. Still, it is proper to observe that these events, however bad and cruel in themselves, derive their chief importance from the apprehension that they are but symptoms of an incurable disease in the public mind, which may break out in still more dangerous outrages, and terminate at last, in an open war by the North to abolish slavery in the South. Whilst, for myself, I entertain no such apprehension, they ought to afford a solemn warning to us all to beware of the approach of danger. Our Union is a stake of such inestimable value as to demand our constant and watchful vigilance for its preservation. In this view, let me implore my countrymen, North and South, to cultivate the ancient feelings of mutual forbearance and good-will towards each other, and strive to allay the demon spirit of sectional hatred and strife now alive in the land. This advice proceeds from the heart of an old public functionary, whose service commenced in the last generation, among the wise and conservative statesmen of that day, now nearly all passed away, and whose first and dearest earthly wish is to leave his country tranquil, prosperous, united and powerful.

We ought to reflect, that in this age, and especially in this country, there is an incessant flux and reflux of public opinion. Questions which in their day assumed a most threatening aspect, have now nearly gone from the memory of men. They are "volcanoes burnt out, and on the lava and ashes and squalid scoria of old eruptions grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn." Such, in my opinion, will prove to be the fate of the present sectional excitement, should those who wisely seek to apply the remedy, continue always to confine their efforts within the pale of the Constitution. If this course be pursued, the existing agitation on the subject of domestic slavery like everything human, will have its day, and give place to other and less threatening controversies. Public opinion in this country is all-powerful, and when it reaches a dangerous excess upon any question, the good sense of the people will furnish the corrective and bring it back within safe limits. Still, to hasten this auspicious result at the present crisis, we ought to remember that every rational creature must be presumed to intend the natural consequences of his own teachings. Those who announce abstract doctrines subversive of the Constitution and the Union, must not be surprised should their heated partizans advance one step *further*, and attempt by violence to carry those doctrines into practical effect. In this view of the subject it ought never to be forgotten that, however great may have been the political advantages resulting from the Union to every portion of our common country, these would all prove to be as nothing should the time ever arrive when they cannot be enjoyed without serious danger to the personal safety of the people of fifteen members of the Confederacy. If the peace of the domestic fireside throughout these States should ever be invaded—if the mothers of families within this extensive region should not be able to retire to rest at night without suffering dreadful apprehensions of what may be their own fate and that of their children, before the morning—it would be vain to recount to such a people the political benefits which result to them from the Union. Self preservation is the first instinct of nature; and therefore any state of society in which the sword is all the time suspended over the heads of the people, must at last become intolerable. But I indulge in no such gloomy forebodings. On the contrary, I firmly believe that the events at Harper's Ferry, by causing the people to pause and reflect upon the possible peril to their cherished institutions, will be the means under Providence, of allaying the existing excitement, and preventing outbreaks of a similar character. They will resolve that the Constitution and the Union shall not be endangered by rash counsels, knowing that, should "the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken * * at the fountain," human power could never reunite the scattered and hostile fragments.

I cordially congratulate you upon the final settlement by the Supreme Court of the United States, of the question of slavery in the Territories, which had presented an aspect so truly formidable at the commencement of my Administration. The right has been established of every citizen to take his property of any kind, including slaves, into the common Territories belonging equally to all the States of the Confederacy, and to have it protected there under the Federal Constitution. Neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any human power, has any authority to annul or impair this vested right. The supreme judicial tribunal of the country, which is a co-ordinate branch of the Government, has sanctioned and affirmed these principles of Constitutional law, so manifestly just in themselves, and so well calculated to promote peace and harmony among the States. It is a striking proof of the sense of justice which is inherent in our people, that the property in slaves has never been disturbed to my knowledge, in any of the Territories. Even throughout the late troubles in Kansas, there has not been any attempt, as I am credibly informed, to interfere in a single instance, with the right of the master. Had any such attempt been made, the judiciary would doubtless have afforded an adequate remedy. Should they fail to do this hereafter, it will then be time enough to strengthen their hands by further legislation. Had it been decided that either Congress or the Territorial Legislature possesses the power to annul or impair the right to property in slaves, the evil would be intolerable. In the latter event, there would be a struggle for a majority of the members of the Legislature at each successive election, and the sacred rights of property held under the Federal Constitution, would depend for the time being on the result. The agitation would thus be rendered incessant while the Territorial condition remained, and its baneful influence would keep alive a dangerous excitement among the people of the several States.

Thus has the status of a Territory, during the intermediate period from its first settlement until it shall become a State, been irrevocably fixed by the final decision of the Supreme Court. Fortunate has this been for the prosperity of the Territories, as well as the tranquillity of the States. Now, emigrants from the North and the South, the East and the West, will meet in the Territories on a common platform, having brought with them that species of property best adapted, in their own opinion, to promote their welfare. From natural causes the slavery question will, in each case, soon virtually settle itself; and before the Territory is prepared for admission as a State into the Union, this decision, one way or the other, will have been a foregone conclusion. Meanwhile, the settlement of the new Territory will proceed without serious interruption, and its progress and prosperity will not be endangered or retarded by violent political struggles.

When in the progress of events the inhabitants of any Territory shall have reached the number required to form a State, they will then proceed in a regular manner, and in the exercise of the rights of popular sovereignty, to form a Constitution preparatory to admission into the Union. After this has been done, to employ the language of the Kansas-Nebraska act, they "shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission." This sound principle has happily been recognised, in some form or other, by an almost unanimous vote of both houses of the last Congress.

All lawful means at my command have been employed, and shall continue to be employed, to execute the laws against the African slave trade. After a most careful and rigorous examination of our coasts, and a thorough investigation of the subject, we have not been able to discover that any slaves have been imported into the United States, except the cargo by the Wanderer, numbering between three and four hundred. Those engaged in this unlawful enterprise have been rigorously prosecuted; but not with as much success as their crimes have deserved. A number of them are still under prosecution.

Our history proves that the fathers of the Republic, in advance of all other nations, condemned the African slave trade. It was, notwithstanding, deemed expedient by the framers of the Constitution to deprive Congress of the power to prohibit "the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit" "prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight."

It will be seen that this restriction on the power of Congress was confined to such States only as might think proper to admit the importation of slaves. It did not extend to other States, or to the trade carried on abroad. Accordingly, we find that so early as the 22d of March, 1794, Congress passed an act imposing severe penalties and punishments upon citizens and residents of the United States, who should engage in this trade between foreign nations. The provisions of this act were extended and enforced by the act of 10th May, 1800.

Again: The States themselves had a clear right to waive the constitutional privilege intended for their benefit, and to prohibit by their own laws, this trade at any time they thought proper previous to 1808. Several of them exercised this right before that period, and among them some containing the greatest number of slaves. This gave to Congress the immediate power to act in regard to all such States, because they themselves had removed the constitutional barrier. Congress accordingly passed an act on 28th February, 1803, "to prevent the importation of certain persons into certain States where, by the laws thereof, their admission is prohibited." In this manner the importation of African slaves into the United States was, to a great extent, prohibited some years in advance of 1808.

As the year 1808 approached, Congress determined not to suffer this trade to exist even for a single day after they had the power to abolish it. On the 2d of March, 1807, they passed an act to take effect "from and after the 1st day of January, 1808," prohibiting the importation of African slaves into the United States. This was followed by subsequent acts of a similar character, to which I need not specially refer. Such were the principles and such the practice of our ancestors more than fifty years ago in regard to the African slave trade.

It did not occur to the revered patriots who had been delegates to the Convention, and afterwards became members of Congress, that in passing these laws they had violated the Constitution which they had framed with so much care and deliberation. They supposed that to prohibit Congress, in express terms, from exercising a specified power before an appointed day, necessarily involved the right to exercise this power after that day had arrived.

If this were not the case, the framers of the Constitution had expended much labor in vain. Had they imagined that Congress would possess no power to prohibit the trade either before or after 1808, they would not have taken so much care to protect the States against the exercise of this power before that period. Nay, more, they would not have attached such vast importance to this provision as to have excluded it from the possibility of future repeal or amendment, to which other portions of the Constitution were exposed. It would then have been wholly unnecessary to engraft on the fifth article of the Constitution, prescribing the mode of its own future amendment, the proviso "that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, shall in any manner affect" the provision in the Constitution securing to the States the right to admit the importation of African slaves previous to that period.

According to the adverse construction, the clause itself, on which so much care and discussion had been employed by the members of the Convention, was an absolute nullity from the beginning, and all that has since been done under it a mere usurpation.

It was well and wise to confer this power on Congress, because had it been left to the States, its efficient exercise would have been impossible. In that event any one State could have effectually continued the trade, not only for itself, but for all the other slave States, though never so much against their will. And why? Because African slaves, when once brought within the limits of any one State, in accordance with its laws, cannot practically be excluded from any other State, where slavery exists. And even if all the States had separately passed laws, prohibiting the importation of slaves, these laws would have failed of effect for want of a naval force to capture the slavers and to guard the coasts. Such a force no State can employ in time of peace without the consent of Congress.

These acts of Congress, it is believed have, with very rare and insignificant exceptions, accomplished their purpose. For a period of more than half a century there has been no perceptible addition to the number of our domestic slaves. During this period their advancement in civilization has far surpassed that of any other portion of the African race. The light and the blessings of Christianity have been extended to them, and both their moral and physical condition has been greatly improved.

Reopen the trade, and it would be difficult to determine whether the effect would be more deleterious to the interests of the master or to those of the native-born slave. Of the evils to the master, the one most to be dreaded would be the introduction of wild, heathen, and ignorant barbarians, among the sober, orderly, and quiet slaves, whose ancestors have been on the soil for several generations. This might tend to barbarize, demoralize, and exasperate the whole mass, and produce most deplorable consequences.

The effect upon the existing slave would, if possible, be still more deplorable. At present he is treated with kindness and humanity. He is well fed, well clothed, and not overworked. His condition is incomparably better than that of the coolies which modern nations of high civilization have employed as a substitute for African slaves. Both the philanthropy and the self-interest of the master have combined to produce this humane result. But let this trade be re-opened, and what will be the effect? The same, to a considerable extent, as on a neighboring island—the only spot now on earth where the African slave trade is openly tolerated; and this in defiance of solemn treaties with a power abundantly able at any moment to enforce their execution. There the master, intent upon present gain, extorts from the slave as much labor as his physical powers are capable of enduring—knowing that, when death comes to his relief, his place can be supplied at a price reduced to the lowest point by the competition of rival African slave traders. Should this ever be the case in our country—which I do not deem possible—the present useful character of the domestic institution, wherein those too old and too young to work are provided for with care and humanity, and those capable of labor are not overtasked, would undergo an unfortunate change. The feeling of reciprocal dependence and attachment which now exists between master and slave would be converted into mutual distrust and hostility.

But we are obliged as a Christian and moral nation, to consider what would be the effect upon unhappy Africa itself, if we should reopen the slave-trade. This would give the trade an impulse and extension, which it has never had even in its palmiest days. The numerous victims required to supply it would convert the whole slave coast into a perfect Pandemonium, for which this country would be held responsible in the eyes both of God and man. Its petty tribes would then be constantly engaged in predatory wars against each other for the purpose of seizing slaves to supply the American market. All hopes of African civilization would thus be ended.

On the other hand, when a market for African slaves shall no longer be furnished in Cuba, and thus all the world be closed against this trade, we may then indulge a reasonable hope for the gradual improvement of Africa. The chief motive of war among the tribes will cease, whenever there is no longer any demand for slaves. The resources of that fertile but miserable country might then be developed by the hand of industry, and afford subjects for legitimate foreign and domestic commerce. In this manner Christianity and civilization may gradually penetrate the existing gloom.

[ABSTRACT.—The rest of the Message refers to the success of our pacific policy in China—to the success of the Paraguay expedition—and to our amicable relations with all the European nations except Spain. Spain has not paid the "Cuban claims," amounting to $128,635.54, in which more than one hundred of our citizens are interested, and as one reason for her neglect, urges that the demand of the claimants in the famous Amistad case have not been satisfied. The purchase of Cuba is again proposed, and the arguments of the last annual message endorsed.

A history of the San Juan Island dispute with Great Britain is given. No collision between the forces of the two countries is anticipated during the pendency of the existing negotiations.

The history of the disordered condition of Mexico is related; the wrongs our citizens have suffered from the Miramon Government are stated at length, and the conclusion reached is, that it is proper to ask from Congress power to enter Mexico with the military forces of the United States, at the call of the Constitutional Mexican authorities, to preserve order in that country and protect American citizens there. The recommendation in reference to the temporary establishment of military posts across the Mexican line in Sonora and Chihuahua, contained in the last message, is repeated.

Congress is again asked to bestow upon the President power to employ the naval force to protect American citizens while crossing the Panama, Nicaragua, and Tehuantepec routes, and to protect American merchant vessels in the ports of Mexico and the South American States. The President notices the objection to these requests, which is based upon the alleged unconstitutionality of conferring upon him the war-making power, and thinks it untenable.

A new law, requiring all the States to elect their Congressmen previous to the fourth of March of each year of old numbers, is recommended, so as to ensure a full House in case of an extra session.

The construction of a Pacific railroad is again advocated. Retrenchment of the public expenditures is advocated, and an increase of the duties on imports recommended, if the deficiency now apprehended occurs.]

POLITICAL NEWS.

SLAVERY IN NEBRASKA.—The bill for the prohibition of slavery in Nebraska, which passed the lower branch of their Territorial Legislature by a vote of 21 to 17, has been defeated in the Council by a vote of 7 to 6.

MINNESOTA.—There is pending before the Legislature a bill to prevent the immigration and settlement of free negroes in that State. Also, resolutions condemning the Harper's Ferry conspirators and their attempt to incite servile insurrection, and affirming allegiance to the Union and the Constitution.

COLORED MILITIA.—A bill passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, authorizing colored persons to join military organizations, has been vetoed by Governor Banks, on the ground that it conflicts with the Federal laws and Government, which alone have the power to decide what persons are competent for enrolment in the militia. The veto was sustained by the Legislature by a large vote.

FREE NEGROES.—The State of Arkansas has enacted a very stringent measure against free negroes, which would go into effect the 1st of January. All free negroes found in the State at that period were to be sold into slavery. In Mississippi, a law adopted on the 7th ultimo, provides that free negroes shall leave the State on or before the 1st of July, 1860; or, if they prefer to remain, that they shall be sold into slavery, with a right of choice of masters, at a price assessed by three disinterested slaveholders, the proceeds to go into the treasury of the county in which the provisions of the bill may require it to be executed.

CONGRESS.—The last ballot taken in the House was as follows:—

TWENTY-FOURTH BALLOT.

Whole number of votes,	210
Necessary to a choice,	106
Mr. Sherman,	102
Mr. Scott,	83
Mr. Gilmer,	14
Scattering,	11

Congress adjourned by two majority on Friday of last week, to Tuesday of this.

THE MORMONS.—The Mormons, according to their own census, are decreasing in Utah. In 1856 they numbered 38,000; in 1857 only 31,022, and in 1858 only about 30,000. They claim, however, that they are increasing in the country at large, and in the world, and they ascribe the diminution in Utah to temporary causes and absences. It is computed that there are 32,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, and 7,000 on the continent of Europe, besides some 5,000 in Canada, 4,000 in California, and several thousand in the Eastern States and South America. Altogether they number 126,000. Utah is the only place where they practice polygamy and carry out their theories of civil government, as well as of religion, and it is the only place where they do not increase.

HATS CHALLENGED.—It is stated by the Oregon Statesman and Sacramento Union, that the members of Congress from California, Oregon, and Washington, travel to and from the Atlantic States, free of cost on passes furnished them by the steamship companies.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

A CHANCE TO OBTAIN

TWO HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING ALSO AS A PREMIUM TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER!!

FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

We also Club with those well-known Monthly Magazines, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book. Read the following and take your choice of

TERMS.

One Copy of THE POST,	$2.00 a year
One Copy of THE POST and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	3.00 "
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One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3.50 "

CLUBS.

2 COPIES of THE POST,	$3.00 a year.
5 " (and one of the Engravings to getter up of Club)	5.00 "
8 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	10.00 "
13 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	15.00 "
20 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	20.00 "
30 " (and one copy extra, and both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	30.00 "

A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

A large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," will be sent to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is FOUR DOLLARS. It is a Gem!

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☞ *Sample Copies of the Post sent gratis when requested.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL.—The mammoth Continental Hotel of this city, now very nearly completed, will require an immense quantity of water to supply its necessities. An attempt was made to procure the requisite supply by means of an artesian well, and a deep bore was made; but the attempt was a failure, no water having been obtained. An arrangement has been made with the Water Department of the city to supply the building. The water tax has been fixed at one thousand dollars for the first year, and during that period the quantity of water consumed will be ascertained by means of an ingenious meter. The water tax will then be permanently fixed by the *datum* thus obtained. Some miles of pipes and several hundred faucets will be required to distribute water through the huge building. There are three hundred chambers, each of which will be supplied with hot and cold water. There will be fifty bath-rooms supplied in the same manner. There are also fifty water closets, and twenty-four stationary wash-stands below stairs. There are also the kitchens and other portions of the property to be supplied with water; while, on the top of the structure, there are tanks which are calculated to hold 50,000 gallons of water. These will supply pipes furnished with screws, to which hose may be attached in the event of fire. It is expected that the hotel will be in readiness to receive guests in the month of February. It is at the corner of Chestnut and Ninth.

RUMORED ABDICATION OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—A letter from Pesth, of the 7th inst., says:—

"A piece of news so extraordinary has reached the highest political circles of this city, that it is not without hesitation I venture to communicate it, and yet these circles have excellent means of obtaining the earliest and best information. The news is, that the Emperor of Austria contemplates abdicating the crown in favor of his son, a child born the 21st of August, 1858, and appointing as Regent his brother, the Archduke Maximilian, formerly Governor of Lombardo-Venetia. The reason assigned for the projected abdication is that the Emperor sees with dismay that Austria is going to wreck and ruin, and shrinks from the risk of figuring personally in history as the last of the Hapsburgs. On the other hand, being an obstinate and wrong-headed young man, he will not consent to make the important concessions to the different parts of his empire, and especially to Hungary, by which alone the dangers now impending over Austria could, perhaps, for a time be averted."

THE FEELING IN AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.—The Augsburg Gazette has the following singular article on the state of public feeling of Austria in general, and of Hungary in particular:

"As the national feeling of the Hungarians is becoming morbidly fanatical, it is natural that people in the Danubian city (Vienna) should think of giving a constitution to the other races of the empire, in order that a fraction of its population should not become preponderant. If we are well informed, there is at present in Austria—as well among the Germans as among the slaves—such a very bad (*pessimistische*) feeling, that people do not object to the encroachments of the Magyars, as they hope through them to obtain reasonable concessions from the State. Every patriot must hope that the Imperial government will give 'a constitutional reform' to the whole empire, rather than an exceptional position to the Hungarians. Government must be able to depend on the support of the whole empire, the patriotism of which can only be roused by a fitting representation, as powder and ball are palliatives to which recourse cannot be had except in extreme cases."

His Majesty, being of opinion that example is better than precept, has given orders that the greatest economy shall be observed in the Imperial household, and this his behest is said to have caused a panic in more than one of its superior departments. The court lives very simply, and receives hardly any company, but still its expenses are large, as the money expended is often injudiciously employed.

CATCHING THE WRONG MAN.—Dr. Mulroe, of South Carolina, the owner of two plantations and negroes sufficient to work them, was arrested, a few days ago, as a suspicious character, by a Vigilance Committee, in Eufala, Ala. The doctor was peddling ploughs, and it was hard to believe that so wealthy a man would turn "travelling Yankee." A friend who knew the doctor at home, happened to be in town, however, and hearing of the difficulty he was in, went to the place where the Committee were trying him, and when he entered and found Dr. M., occupying a chair, and undergoing an examination under such peculiar circumstances, he was so astonished that he exclaimed, "Why, Dr. Mulroe!" and burst out in a loud laugh, while the Doctor, overcome with his feelings, burst into tears, and the sympathy was so intense that the whole Committee were soon in tears. As a finale, all pledged themselves to sell as many ploughs as they could.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 188—*Adults 86, and children 102.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 18 c		
" " '62	108	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102¼	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98¼	99
" " new	101½	102
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	71	—
" " coupon	—	55
All'g City 6 pr ct	65	72
" County	—	—
" R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	94½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	90	92
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1856	102½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	93½	93½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's-5	110	110
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	108	—
Philadelphia	115½	116
Far & Mec	—	55½
Commercial	48½	50
N Liberty	58	60½
Mechanics	25½	26
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	54	55
Girard	45	45½
Western	53	54
Man & Mec	26	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	63½	—
City	61	—
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	34½
Corn Exchange	23½	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	50	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	116	118
Farmers "	114	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	103½	108
Planters "	110	112
N O Gas Light	160	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	91	—
Southwark "	—	—
Frankford R R	—	57
Bonds	88	90
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	100	100½
2nd "	96½	96½
stock	37½	37½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1904	—	98
stock	122	125
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	80	—
mort 6's '44	—	90
" '60	72	73½
stock	21½	21½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86½	87½
stock	32	33
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	35	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	92½	—
Ches Val R R, '79	36½	—
Tiora R R '75	—	95
Wil'ms & Elmira 1st mort	52	55
2nd "	11	12
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	1	1½
Beaver Meadow stock	62	62½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	8½	8½
6 pr ct loan	—	62½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	—	49
8 pr ct loan	37	102½
Minehill R R	—	58
Har & Lan R R stock	—	55½
bonds '82	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	14	16
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	97½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '92	69½	69½
imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	7	7½
preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav stock	48½	50
mort 6 pr ct	89	—
scrip	25½	26
Morris Consol'd	—	40½
preferred	100½	100½
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union bonds	1	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	2	3
	27	29

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Dec. 31, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW YORK.
Sol bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solv bks 1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 1 dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1 dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ¼ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¼ dis
INDIANA.
State bank ¼ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 2½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¾ to 2½ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old bks 1½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 2 dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 2 dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

DR. POMROY.—The Rev. Dr. Pomroy, (of Boston,) publishes a card in explanation of the facts lately divulged injurious to his reputation. He does not undertake to exonerate himself from blame, but denies the actual crime which has been so extensively alleged or taken for granted. He admits that his guilt is greatly aggravated by his Christian and ministerial profession, and the position (Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions,) he has occupied, and his extensive acquaintance in this and foreign lands. He throws himself upon Infinite and Sovereign mercy, offering no apology nor making any excuse. He entreats the forgiveness of the many thousands whose friendship he has enjoyed, whom, and the cause which lies so near their hearts, he admits himself to have grievously injured.

LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.—A man by the name of Levi Ostrander, formerly of Mechanicsville, Saratoga County, was sentenced to be hung at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 30th ult. Ostrander was tried and convicted of manslaughter; his counsel appealed and obtained a new trial, and on this he was convicted of murder. An appeal, on the ground that he could not be convicted of murder, when on a former trial he was convicted of a lesser offence, has been overruled. We think this case is without a parallel in the history of criminal trials.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been a moderate demand for Flour during the past week, but generally at prices below the views of holders, who are asking an advance of 12½c ₱ bbl on the low grades, which are most inquired for, and comparatively scarce. The sales reach some 6000 bbls in lots at $5,37½@5,50 for straight superfine; $5,75@6 for extras, and $6@6,25 ₱ bbl for family Flour, according to brand and quality. At the close there were few if any sellers at our lowest figures, and the market closed very quiet. The trade have been buying to a fair extent, within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6,50@7 ₱ bbl for fancy lots. Rye Flour is selling at $4,25@4,37½ ₱ bbl—the latter in a small way. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, but Penna Meal is scarce, and held at $3,75 ₱ bbl, without sales; 200 bbls sold early in the week, on terms kept private; 500 bbls Brandywine also sold at a private bargain.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are light, and most of the stock is held above the views of buyers, who are not disposed to operate to any extent. About 18,000 bushels only were disposed of at 132 @135c for reds, chiefly at the latter rate for prime lots in store, and 140@150c for white, as in quality. Rye is nearly steady, with further small receipts and sales of Pennsylvania at 92@93c, and some fair Jersey at 90c. Corn has been unsettled and drooping this week, with more coming forward by railroad, and only about 25,000 bushels new yellow found buyers at 70@75c for damp, and 75 @80c for dry lots, chiefly in the cars, closing at the lowest figures, which rater, however, are refused by some holders for dry lots, that are not so plenty. Some small sales of white are reported at 73@75c, and old yellow at 82c. Oats are not much inquired for, and about 12,000 bus Pennsylvania sold at 45c in store. Barley, some further sales are reported at 85c for New York State, and 89c for Canada West. A sale of Barley Malt is reported at 90c.

PROVISIONS generally are inactive, and a small business doing in barrelled meats at $17@ 17½ for Mess Pork, and $15 ₱ bbl, for City Mess Beef. Dressed Hogs are selling at 5¾@7 ₱ 100 lbs. Of Bacon the sales are limited at 11½@12c for Hams; 10@10½c for Sides, and 8@8½c. for Shoulders. Green Meats sell slowly at 10@10½c for Hams in pickle, and 7½@7¾c for Shoulders in salt. Lard is steady at 11c for barrels and tierces, and 11½@12c for kegs, and but little doing. Butter moves off as wanted at 10a12c for packed, and 16@18c for roll, as in quality. Cheese is worth 10½@11c ₱ lb, and Eggs 20c ₱ doz, and a moderate business to note.

COTTON—There has been more activity in the market within the *last day or two, and holders* have put up their prices *¼@½c ₱ lb; sales include about 1000 bales, in lots, as from 11 to 12½c for Uplands* and Gulfs, cash and time. The bulk of the sales were of the former description, at 11@11½c, cash, the latter for middling fair quality.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark are light, and it is held firmly. Sales of 40 hhds No 1 at $27 ₱ ton, and some Coarse Ground at $24. Of Tanner's Bark there is very very little coming forward, and no further sales have been reported.

BEESWAX is steady. Sales of 4500 lbs good Yellow at 34@35c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—The market is almost at a stand still, the demand being only to supply the wants of the home trade at about previous rates. Schuylkill White Ash, Lump, ₱ ton, $3,35; Prepared do, $3,35; Red Ash do, $3,50; Lehigh, Lump, $3,50@3,60; Prepared do, $3,50@3,60; by retail, do, $4,25@ 4,50; Sch. Prepared, do, $4@4,25.

COFFEE—There have been no arrivals this week. The market has been very quiet, but prices are firm, the stock on hand being quite light. Sales of 400 bags Rio at 11¼@12c ₱ lb, on time, and a small lot of Laguyra at 12c ₱ lb.

COPPER is dull. Sales of English Sheathing at 26c, and Yellow Metal at 20c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—There are but few arriving, and good Western have been sold to the extent of 4000 lbs at 47@48c ₱ lb.

FLAX is scarce. Small sales of Ohio, at 9c ₱ lb.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, 15@20c; Nutra do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 25@66c.

FRUIT is unchanged. Sales of Green Apples at $2@4,50 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples are steady, and free sales are making at 6½@7½c for ordinary and prime. Dried Peaches are held with more firmness, with sales at 8@10½c for unpared quarters and halves, and 12@16c for pared. Cranberries are worth $13 @16 ₱ bbl for Jersey and Eastern, and $9@12 for Southern.

HEMP is extremely quiet, the stock of all kinds being light. No transactions.

HIDES are in better demand, and prices are firmer.

HOPS continue to meet a limited inquiry. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 13@17c, as in quality, and old at 4@10c.

IRON—There is a firm feeling in the Pig Metal market, but there is very little business doing. Among the sales we notice 400 tons No 1 Anthracite at $23; No 2 at $22, and No 3 at $21, 6 mos.

LEAD is held with increased firmness, but the absence of stocks restricts operations, and no further sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—There is an active demand for Slaughter, and the stock has been considerably reduced by shipments Eastward. Spanish Sole is dull, but without change in prices.

LUMBER—The movements in all descriptions have been of a restricted character, as usual during the winter season. Among the sales we notice some Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $14@15. Spruce Boards are scarce, and if here, would command $13. Laths are worth $2 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—There is a good feeling in the market and prices are firm, but the stocks both of Cuba and New Orleans are extremely light. Small sales of Cuba Muscovado at 27@28c; 200 bbls New Orleans at 51c, and Portland Syrup at 24c, on time.

SPIRITS—There is rather more doing. Sales of N. E. Rum at 36@38c. Whiskey is in steady request. Sales of 1,500 pkgs; Ohio bbs at 27a27½c; Pennsylvania do at 26@26½c; hhds at 25@25½c, and Drudge at 24@24½c.

SUGAR—The market is extremely quiet, but the stock is reduced to a very low figure, and prices are firm. Sales of 150 hhds Cuba at $7,25@7,50; 400 bbls crushed at $10,25, and 500 bxs Havana Yellow (No. 16) at $8, on time.

SEEDS—There is an active demand for Clover-seed, and prices have advanced 12½c ₱ bushel. Sales of 2,000 bs common to prime at $5@5,37½c, 460 bags from second hands, to go out of the market $5,25@5,37½ ₱ 64 lbs, and 10 tons re-cleaned, for export on private terms. There is nothing doing in Timothy. Flaxseed is more abundant, and selling at $1,55@1,56 ₱ bus.

TALLOW—There is but little offering. Sales of City Rendered at 10½@10½c, and Country at 10c, ₱ lb, cash.

TOBACCO—There is nothing doing worthy of notice, except a sale of 20 hhds low grade Kentucky Leaf on terms kept private.

WOOL—There is a firm feeling in the market, but no disposition on the part of either buyers or sellers to operate until the result of the auction sale in Boston is made known.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In this city, on the 21st ultimo, in presence of Mayor Henry, by Friends' ceremony, WILLIAM R. DEACON, to ANNIE COLLINS, both of Burlington county, New Jersey.

At Annville, Lebanon county, Pa. on the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, JOSEPH FLEMING, of this city, to EMMA L. SCHIRKEN, of the former place.

On Dec. 27th, by the Rev. George Duffield, Jr. THOMAS M. ADAMS, to MYRA B. daughter of John M. Kennedy, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John Ward, Mr. HARRY C. ALLEN, to Miss ANNIE E. LONG, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. CHARLES A. UFFERMAN, to Miss SALLY A. HUBBELL.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. EDWARD HARTLY, to Miss ANNE CLARK, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. CHARLES BURNSIDES, to Miss HARRIET TREXLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Camden, on the morning of the 27th ultimo, EMMA MATILDA, daughter of James and Jane Ackley.

On the 27th ultimo, STEPHEN BALDWIN, in his 69th year.

At Reading, Pa. on Tuesday morning, the 27th ultimo, Hon. DAVID F. GORDON.

At Astoria, L. I. on Saturday, the 24th ultimo, HELEN, wife of Wm. Milligan, of New York, and daughter of Peter Wikoff, Esq of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, Dr. HENRY C. A. SCHOLL, *of Dresden, Saxony, aged 52 years.*

Suddenly, at New Orleans, La. on the 22d ultimo, JACOB OTT, Sr. aged 65 years, son-in-law of Dennis Kelly, of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 25th ultimo, Mr. JOHN HUBBERT, in his 73d year.

On the 26th ultimo, THOMAS A. MAITLAND, in his 43d year.

On Friday, the 23d ultimo, GEORGE SHARPE, aged 54 years.

On Thursday evening, the 15th instant, ANNIE F. wife of Chas. D. Moore, aged 33 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARGARET E. COLMAN, wife of Lawrence Cullin.

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IN DAMASK SATIN, BROCATELLE, SATIN LAINE, EMBROIDERED BROAD CLOTH, T

MARRIAGE AND SUCCESS IN ART.—Ann Denham was the name of Flaxman's wife, and a cheery, bright-souled, noble woman she was. He believed that in marrying her he should be able to work with an intenser spirit, for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and besides was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, "So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist." Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, "Ann, I'm ruined for an artist." "How so, John? How has it happened? and who has done it?" "It happened," he replied, "in the church, and Ann Denham has done it." He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark—whose opinion was well known and had been often expressed, that if students would excel they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michel Angelo, and others, at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, "*I* would be a great artist." "And a great artist you shall be," said his wife, "and visit Rome too, if that be really necessary to make you great." "But how!" asked Flaxman. "Work and economise," rejoined the brave wife; "I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman for an artist." And so it was determined by the pair, that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit. "I will go to Rome," said Flaxman, "and show the President that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me." He kept his word.—"*Self-Help*," *by J. Smiles.*

Agricultural.

ICE AND ICE HOUSES.

Now that the air is icy, and snow covers the earth, we wish to turn the attention of our readers to the great winter crop.

Ice suitable for storing may be cut upon almost every farm or within a mile of it, and yet not one farmer in ten ever knows the luxury of a pitcher of ice water, or a dish of ice cream in the summer. Our cities and larger villages are well supplied with the luxury, so that families are served at their doors by dealers at an expense of from five to ten dollars a year. In these places the use of ice is rapidly increasing, and is coming to be considered a necessary of life, even in the families of laborers and tradesmen. It saves, in provisions, that would otherwise spoil, more than its cost.

But upon the farm, where ice grows in greatest abundance, and where it may be had without a dollar out of pocket the year round, ice in summer is the rarest of luxuries. We know a few, like Deacon Jones, have kept an ice house for years, and a few more like Tom and his bride, smart young farmers, put up an ice house for the first time last season.—But the great majority do not yet feel the want of it.

Most of our wants are artificial, from the want of ground corn upon the table of every farmer, to the want of ground glass that flashes in the crystal goblets and pitchers of the rich. The African savage is indifferent to both, and his dusky daughter has never felt one of the many wants that are considered necessaries in most civilized homes.

The fact that a farmer's family has always done without ice, is considered the best of all reasons why they should continue to do without it. It is certainly less trouble, and is therefore considered more economical. We have a standing quarrel with Jake Foster, both on his facts and philosophy. Jake states the case thus: "Now, ye see, we don't have ice in the summer by any natural means, and it stands to reason if the Almighty had intended we should use ice in summer, we should have it furnished in the natural way. Well-water is good enough for me and my folks, and as to things spiling, why let 'em spile. Some things wa'nt meant to keep, I guess."

"Very well, Jake. Corn does not grow in winter, and I take it if the Almighty had intended we should have Johnny cakes and roast potatoes in cold weather, He would have provided some natural means to bring them on to the table piping hot, just where folks wanted to use them. Now, don't make a wry face at your own argument, and say that corn is a different thing. It is just as different from ice as ice is from corn."

The greatest hindrance in the way of the general use of ice is the want of conviction that it will pay. If the farmer would consider a moment, he would see that he loses enough every year from the want of the article, to pay for an ice house twice over. In the milk room he loses milk that would be available for butter or cheese if it could be preserved. His leg of veal or mutton taints for want of it, and the housewife complains of the loss of many cooked dishes that will not keep over night in sultry weather.

Butter, with a little ice around the box, can be carried to market so that it will present a clean waxy surface, and bring an extra price. Without it, it will often look more like soap grease than an article of food. It is depreciated several cents in the pound, and the farmer has to pocket the loss. Now, it is not foreordained that the husbandman should continue to have all these losses, because his father had had them before him. He needs ice in his business as a dairyman, and in his family as much as the citizen.

The use of ice water in moderate quantities is favorable to health, and where it is used habitually there is little danger of excessive use. It takes a less quantity to quench thirst, and is much more grateful to the palate. It is a safeguard against fevers and other complaints to which we are exposed in summer and autumn. Its use in the treatment of disease is now very generally advocated by physicians.

But if it had no bearing upon health, it should be used from the fact that it is more agreeable. Our instincts are in many things as safe a guide as reason. Why is it that almost every one in the heat of summer craves cold water, and the colder the better? The longing for cold is as universal as the longing for food, and we may quite as safely use the means to gratify it. We have never yet met with the man or child that did not prefer, as a matter of taste, ice beverages to those at the ordinary temperature of well water. We have used them for years, and have never felt or known any injurious effects from them. It is time that that "old wife's fable" that ice is not a safe article in the family was discarded among intelligent people.

THE ICE HOUSE may be cheap or expensive, according to a man's taste and means. The essentials are few, and any farmer may build with his own hands, and generally from his own premises, a house that will keep ice as well as a building that costs a thousand dollars. In selecting a site for the building, convenience should be consulted, for it is an article that will be wanted daily. It may be above or partly below ground, as best suits the character of the place where it is to be put. In either case good drainage is essential.

If the bottom of the pit or cellar be sand or coarse gravel, nothing will be necessary but to cover it a foot deep with cobbles, or with chips and billets of wood. Ice will not keep well in a less body than a cube of ten feet, and if ice is near by, it would be still better to have it larger. The sides of the cellar may be built of stone or brick, and the wood-work above of the cheapest materials. The roof should be made to shed rain, and the sides be so constructed that the space between the outer and inner walls may be filled with some non-conducting substance. Slabs from the saw-mills will answer a temporary purpose, but boards are better, and are always to be preferred where a man builds upon his own premises.

The space between the outer and inner wall of the house should be at least a foot, and this should be packed solid with sawdust, or some other good non-conductor. Charcoal is better than sawdust, but is not enough better to pay for the extra expense. Sawdust can generally be procured from the saw or shingle mills, for the carting, and this is good enough. If the cracks in the gable ends are left without battening, it will furnish all the top ventilation needed.

THE PACKING OF THE ICE is about as important as the construction of the house, in order to have the ice keep well. Over the draining cobbles at the bottom, put a layer of straw or sawdust so that no heat from the earth below can be conveyed to the ice.

The cakes should be cut as regularly as possible, and as large as can be conveniently handled by two men. Two by three feet will be found a convenient size for cakes of one foot in thickness and less. A complete set of ice tools will cost about fifty dollars, if a man is going into the business of packing ice for sale. But to cut for a family, nothing more is needed than an ordinary cross-cut saw used for logs. A hole is opened in the ice with an axe, *and the saw follows* a previously marked line along the outer edge of the space, from which the ice is to be taken. After the first tier of cakes is taken out, every fourth side of the cake may be split off with an axe about as straight as it can be sawed. Where a business is made of sawing ice, it can be furnished at the pond or river for twenty-five cents a ton. A pole with a hook at the end will be needed for pulling the cakes out of water on to the solid ice. One of the pleasantest scenes of winter is a party of ice men gathering their winter harvest.

The coldest weather should be selected for filling the house. Make the covering of sawdust as even as possible, then upon this lay the first tier as snug as it can be packed, leaving about six inches space upon the outside to be rammed with sawdust, or straw, or seaweed as you fill up. After each tier is laid, fill all the crevices with snow or pounded ice. If the weather is very cold, and the water will freeze immediately, this may be poured into the crevices.

Much of the success of the packing depends upon the filling of the cracks. If the whole mass is solid, all the melting must be upon the outside. Sweep off the first tier, and pack the second in the same manner, and so on until the house is filled to the eaves. On the top put a foot of sawdust or two feet of straw, or other non-conducting substance. The top should have just ventilation enough to carry off the heated air that accumulates in summer under the roof.

AFTER TREATMENT OF THE ICE.

Some open the ice-house every day, or several times a day, making it, in fact, a refrigerator for family use. This frequent opening of the door lets in a large body of heated air, which affects the ice below. A better plan is to have a refrigerator made with double walls and holding at the bottom a cake of about a hundred pounds. A box with about three feet depth, length and width, will hold all the ice needed for a week, and such other perishable articles as are needed for family use. If the time for a refrigerator has not come yet, a common flour barrel will answer for preserving the ice for several days. Pack it in dry saw-dust, and use it as wanted. In the refrigerator the ice will keep much longer if it is wrapped in a piece of carpeting or woolen blanket.

With a well filled ice house and refrigerator the farmer's wife is mistress of her position as housekeeper. The flies can be kept at a distance from the cold meats, and no legs of mutton or veal will go the way of all flesh prematurely. Strawberries and other delicate fruits will not dissolve before the time, even if they are picked in the morning. They will come on to the table as fresh as if just gathered, and twice as cool. The palatableness of all summer fruits is very much enhanced by having them iced. They lose none of that delicate aroma at the table, which they have in the garden and fruit yard. Cucumbers and melons also may be kept for weeks in the ice box, and can be eaten in their best condition.

On opening the ice house at the beginning of summer, the sides should be examined, to see if the ice has melted away. All vacant places should be filled with dry saw-dust, as fast as they make their appearance. It is the want of this precaution, that often leads to the rapid melting of the ice.

The first cold spell which makes thick ice should be improved to lay in the stock. It happens, in some years, that the only good ice forms in the early part of the winter. That is best, which is wholly made at a single cold cycle. If a thaw intervenes, the air gets in, and white ice is formed, which does not keep, like the solid crystal. The more transparent the ice, and the greater its thickness, the better it will keep.

We have seen ice kept very well in a common cellar, under a barn or out-building. In this case, the packing of non-conductors at the sides should be two feet in thickness, and the cellar should have drainage. But this is a wasteful, inconvenient method, and the better way is to put up a small building for the purpose, where it will be most convenient for use.

When the new ice house is stocked, do not fail to let it be known in the neighborhood.—Keep *the pitcher of ice water well filled*, and, even if you have not Sally Jones to preside over it, we will warrant it will find admirers, and it will not be long, before your neighbor will be asking the expense of an ice house.—*Hartford Homestead.*

SOMETHING LIKE AN ORDER.

SMALL GIRL (*accompanied by her friends*).—Say, mister! mother wants a cent's worth of your very best perfume, as she's goin' out to tea.

TEA IN THE UNITED STATES.

FROM THE LONDON "GARDENER'S CHRONICLE."

A few years ago the United States Government was led to take measures for the introduction of the Tea plant into the confederation, with a view to establishing if possible the preparation of Tea in some of the States. The success that had attended Mr. Fortune's operation for the East India Company having induced them to consult that gentleman, it was finally arranged that he should again proceed to the Celestial Empire for the purpose of obtaining an abundant a supply of plants for the West as he had secured for the East. His mission has been attended with the most complete success. A minute of the United States Patent Office now before us states that he was despatched in March, 1858, that he had obtained seed enough to plant 100 acres, a large portion of which had arrived by the 20th of June, 1859, and was flourishing in a propagating house, especially constructed at Washington for their reception. Applications for plants were even then made in such numbers that it had become necessary to refer to Congress for instructions as to their disposal.

Mr. Fortune returned to England some time ago, and has favored us with the following interesting report upon the final result of his expedition:—

"It will be seen by the accompanying papers that the results of my expedition to China for the Government of the United States has been very satisfactory. In little more than one year about 50,000 Tea plants, and many other vegetable productions useful in the arts or of an ornamental character* have been introduced to America from the Tea countries of China.

"This success was mainly owing to experience acquired during former visits to these countries. Arriving in China in the month of May I spent the first few months in visiting numerous Tea farms in different parts of the country, where I made arrangements with the natives for large supplies of seeds as soon as they ripened in the autumn. In October and November I repeated my visit to the same districts, and everywhere found supplies of seeds awaiting me. In former transactions with these Tea growers I had always treated them kindly and liberally, and I now found the advantage that resulted from such treatment. Seeds had been saved for me in all directions; I had only to pick them up and proceed onwards, and was thus enabled to get through a large amount of work in a short space of time. In December I reached the seaport of Shanghae with the whole of my collections in excellent condition.

"Tea seeds will not retain their vitality long if kept out of the soil. In order to guard against all risk a large number of Ward's cases had been previously prepared and filled with earth, and to these the seeds were immediately transferred. The first shipment was made in December, a few days after my arrival in Shanghae. Knowing that the vessels would probably arrive in America about the middle or end of March I thought it likely the seed would remain in the earth without vegetating during the voyage. Instead, therefore, of sowing the seeds near the surface in the usual manner, I mixed up large quantities with soil, and filled the case up with the mixture of earth and seeds. By this simple plan many thousands of seeds were carried to their destination, and when they arrived they were as sound as if they had been all the winter on a Chinese seed-bed. Of course it was necessary to unpack them immediately on arrival and sow them thinly in other quarters. In the other cases which were shipped later, this mode of packing would not have been safe. The seeds were therefore sown thickly and covered with earth in the usual manner, and in this state might vegetate on the voyage without any risk whatever. In the one case the object was to get the seeds quickly to their destination without vegetating, for had this taken place the experiment would have been a failure; in the other they were placed in circumstances favorable for vegetation, and the only change likely to occur would be this, that in China they were only seeds, while towards the end of the voyage or at its termination they would have changed into healthy young plants.

"The watering, closing the cases, shipping, and last, but not least, securing the good-will of captain and officers, were all important operations."

Not only has the Tea plant been thus introduced to the Eastern States, but, as is mentioned in another column, it has found its way to the Western; and our friends on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides are with their usual energy setting about growing it.

But there still remains the question whether they can turn it to profitable account. That their climate will be found to suit in some of the vast regions of the West there can be no reasonable doubt. But merely growing Tea plants will not make commercial Tea. The difficulty lies in the preparation of it, an operation which, as conducted in China, demands an enormous quantity of labor—the article of which beyond all others the United States have the least to spare. But is it really necessary to prepare Tea Chinese fashion?—to chop it up into little balls and twist it into all sorts of queer shapes with all sorts of names, in order to give it its dietetical value? Surely not. We have ourselves found out that the painted article called green Tea is not very wholesome and by no means the better for the paint; and we quite anticipate that our United States friends will have even already projected some sort of machine that will produce good marketable Tea without the assistance of human hands. This indeed, we know, is the opinion of Mr. Fortune himself.

* For example: the Camphor and Tallow trees, Chusan Palm, green dye plant (*Rhamnus*), manure plants (*Trifolium* and *Coronilla*), Wax-insect tree (*Fraxinus* sp.), Yang-mae (*Myrica* sp.), southern fruits, such as the Lee-chee, Longan, Wampee, &c., &c.

HOW FREQUENTLY SHALL WE FODDER?

"How often in the course of the day shall stock be fed?" is a question answered variously by different farmers, some advocating but two meals, the majority giving three, while others give five or six fodderings daily. From considerable experience in the care of stock, we have formed the opinion that animals are best satisfied, and most economically wintered when they have four or five fodderings between daylight and nightfall.

Animals fed but twice a day, must be fed quite a large quantity, or they will have a good deal of unoccupied time, in which their anxiety for a fresh supply of food cannot be particularly conducive to thrift or quiet. And when largely supplied, large waste very frequently results, unless the fodder is placed where it cannot be wasted, which is not often the case with those who feed in this manner. The hungry cattle or sheep after so long a fast, run from one supply of fodder to another; the stronger animals driving the weaker around the yard several times, pulling the fodder from the boxes and dropping it on the way much more than is the case when fed frequently.

Three fodderings a day is thought as many as can be conveniently given by a majority of farmers. It is when the farmer's business takes him much away from home, but a farmer ought to have no business which should cause him to neglect his stock in winter. When cattle are stabled, they ought to have a good feed as soon as light, (and they should whether stabled or not,) and after that is eaten, be watered and fed again; at noon another supply of food should be given, after that water and a small foddering, to be followed by a full one for the night. This makes five fodderings in a day, and those may be varied in material or quality, so as to keep up the variety of food so well liked by all animals.

With plenty of corn fodder and straw, and with hay in short supply, we have tried the following routine:—First cornstalks fed on the frozen ground, or cut in pieces a foot long and fed in boxes or mangers, (in both cases the butts reserved for fine cutting and steaming;) next a feed of straw, slightly brined if not otherwise well eaten, hay at dinner time, straw for the afternoon meal, and cornstalks again at evening. Cut feed and meal when fed are usually given at noon instead of hay. We never had cattle do better, or fodder more economically consumed with as little labor in its preparation.

Sheep and calves need feeding four or five times a day, to have them eat well, without wasting their food, and without ever getting very hungry. If they have a pretty free supply, they are very apt to pull it out of their racks more or less, and always feed less quietly when hungry from long fasting. We would give hay but twice per day, even if very plentiful, giving bean or pea, or oat, or wheat straw for the other two fodderings. And then they should have a little grain of some kind, oats, barley, beans, or corn, once a day through winter. Good shelter and water should in all cases be provided.

Perhaps we ought to qualify our commendation of frequent foddering more fully. Every farmer knows that his stock are far more quiet some days than others, that they eat better and waste less, and seem satisfied with far less attention. These restless days of storm and wind, when we would best like to be quiet ourself, we have found the very days when our farm stock demanded our almost constant attention. Then we found the rule, "feed a little and often," of the most importance, and it is after such a day, and one spent mostly in the barn and yards, that we pen this hasty reminder.—*Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—I saw some time since, a request from a Michigan correspondent, as to what was good for Chilblains. Having waited some time to hear those who had anything to offer, a lady correspondent has recommended suet skins as excellent. Now, as I have been troubled all my life with chilblains, and have tried suet skins and every other prescription I could hear of for fifty years, without being benefitted, I will give, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, my remedy, which is this:—Good camphor, say 2 oz. of gum to one pint of good alcohol; keep the feet clean by washing in hot water, the hotter the better; then moisten the feet well with the camphor, by putting it into the hand and rubbing it well over the affected parts, and dry it in by a warm fire.

While my hand is in I will give you another recipe equally as good as the other: 1 pint alcohol; 2 oz. aqua ammonia; 2 oz. spirits turpentine; all put into a bottle together. Apply the same as the other. This is only the third winter since I have been able to wear boots the size of my feet, on account of chilblains. Now I am cured.—*Rural New Yorker.*

USE OF SNOW IN COOKERY.—I send the following recipe for *snow cakes*, which will be found worthy of attention:—

Put corn meal into a good-sized wood or other bowl, with sugar and salt to the taste; then add twice or three times its bulk of snow, and stir it together with a spoon. When well mixed, it appears like so much dry meal or snow. Fry a little on a hot griddle; if it cooks too *dry* to *turn* well, add more snow; if too *wet* to be *light*, add more meal; when just right, fry on the griddle in convenient-sized cakes, and they will be as light as can be desired.

I claim to have first suggested, "to the best of my knowledge and belief," the above *sure test* for arriving at the *right proportions*—namely, trying a little on a hot griddle, and adding corn meal or snow, as the case may require.—*W. Hunt, in Boston Cultivator.*

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Dr. Hall gives the following advice:—In case of scalding or burning the body, immersing the parts in cold water gives entire relief as instantaneously as the lightning. Meanwhile get some common dry flour and apply it an inch or two thick on the injured part, and keep sprinkling on water. Do nothing else, drink nothing but water; eat nothing until improvement commences, except dry bread, softened in very weak tea of some kind. Cures of many frightful burnings have been performed in this way as wonderful as they are painless.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—Take the whites of eggs, perfectly free from the yolk, and beat it up till it will stand in shape or pile. Prepare the sugar by pounding and sifting through a fine sieve; add a tablespoonful of arrow-root or corn-starch to the white of each egg. Add the starch and as much sugar as it will receive, not allowing it to run at all; put on the cake while warm, not hot. Spread it with a knife. Set it back in the oven to dry while the oven is only warm. If this rule is followed, you can ornament the cake in any manner you please, as the icing is stiff enough to retain its form.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ "Are you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a vessel lying in port. "No," said he, "but I'm the man that boils the mate."

☞ It so happens that nothing exists, absolutely nothing, which is not, at some time, and to some persons, wearisome and even potentially disgusting.—*De Quincy.*

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 62 letters.

My 28, 7, 22, 13, 27, is the name of one who was appointed to office, and of whom the people murmured.

My 11, 35, 30, 14, was one of the grand-daughters of Hopher.

My 52, 40, 23, 1, 39, 34, was one of the noted prophets.

My 33, 2, 55, 45, 36, 53, 40, 10, 5, was one of the accusers of a noted follower of Jesus.

My 51, 46, 22, 16, 43, 32, was one of the mountains spoken of in our Lord's travels.

My 58, 54, 48, 38, 42, 19, was one of the guilty sons of the high priest of whom the Lord made known to a child.

My 1, 26, 51, 61, 55, 39, 47, was a wicked King that the Lord smote with an incurable disease.

My 47, 28, 57, 18, 34, 26, 21, was a Jew of Galilee.

My 50, 14, 61, 4, 3, 34, 7, 40, 24, 32, 54, 25, 6, 49, 46, 28, 53, is a command from Heaven.

My 60, 8, 40, 52, 30, 62, is a land that the Lord showed to Moses.

My 47, 15, 9, 17, 7, 27, 31, 12, 46, 5, is the people that Moses was commanded to smite.

My 52, 29, 59, 48, 44, is one of the most interesting of ancient nations.

My 37, 41, 26, 48, 58, 2, 11, was a martyr to Christianity.

My 29, 7, 56, was one of the twelve tribes of Israel.

My whole is the name and one of the expressions of one of the most righteous persons that ever was on earth. S. HILL and H. McCLAY.

Upper Middletown, Fayette Co., Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 10, 3, 5, 6, is a vegetable.

My 9, 13, 7, is a color.

My 5, 4, 13, is an implement used for cutting.

My 8, 11, 12, is an adverb.

My 12, 8, 6, is a number.

My 2, 5, 7, 14, 8, is a kitchen utensil.

My 10, 5, 12, is a bird.

My 12, 3, 5, is an article which is used very much.

My 15, 1, 12, is that which every one does.

My 10, 11, 16, 1, 4, is a drug.

My whole is the name of a Congressman elect from Virginia.

Wood Lawn, Ky. J. H. G.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 10, 31, 8, 14, 1, was a Grecian goddess.

My 28, 37, 19, 5, 21, 16, 9, was an English poet.

My 35, 7, 38, is a number.

My 33, 24, 4, 15, 37, 2, 29, 22, 37, 9, is an animal.

My 18, 13, 3, 11, 38, 9, is a city in Europe.

My 10, 37, 28, 24, 36, 12, 7, 34, 30, is an insect found in Mexico.

My 3, 37, 6, 17, 25, 18, 27, is a schoolboy's delight.

My 20, 7, 31, 23, is a vegetable.

My 17, 1, 26, 32, 14, 19, is a girl's name.

My 1, 37, 8, 18, 23, 34, is a mountain in South America.

My whole is what took place recently.

T. T. and W. F.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man to the world of letters known,
A tree that grows in the torrid zone;
An island much renowned for size,
Where tropic splendor in profusion lies;
A large and growing western State;
A city by all acknowledged great:
If with these initials you form a word,
'Twill bring to mind a pretty bird.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

ANAGRAMS

On Towns in the Middle States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Worn Key.	Map Dots.
Hat sings.	Best Gun Dog.
Dame Levil.	Eli Ram,
I Won't Slew.	Grub Hip Pils.
Len Stew Cat.	Hy! Roman.
Love B. Ride.	Dear Gin.

SCOTT.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two horses at pasture can graze in circles whose diameters are sixteen and twelve yards respectively. But the stakes to which they are fastened are only twelve yards apart. How much area in square yards is thus accessible to both horses?

Charlottsville, N. Y. E. Y. LANDIS.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Reuben, Levi and Benjamin, in respect to each other, were living in the shape of a right-angled triangle. At half way distance between Reuben and Levi lived Ephraim, and at half way distance between Levi and Benjamin lived Manasseh. Now the distance from Reuben to Manasseh was 250 perches, and the distance from Benjamin to Ephraim was only 200 perches. How far were Reuben and Benjamin living apart?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is Sambo like a Magician? Ans.—Because he's a negro man, sir (necromancer).

☞ Why is a lover like a tailor? Ans.—Because he presses his suit.

☞ When should a painter discard the pallet? Ans.—When he can't earn his bread and cheese.

☞ When are a sweet apple and a sour one alike? Ans.—When they're pared.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss." CHARADE—Ambush. CHARADE—Newspaper. ANAGRAMS—Baltimore, St. Louis, Boston, New Orleans, Columbia, Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, Hamburg, Pensacola, Albany, Wheeling, Cumberland, Buffalo, Frederick, Detroit, Springfield, Cincinnati, Romney, Chicago, Toledo, Hartford, Concord, Augusta, Sacramento. PROBLEM—124½ yards. PROBLEM 150. PROBLEM—64.